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MAD

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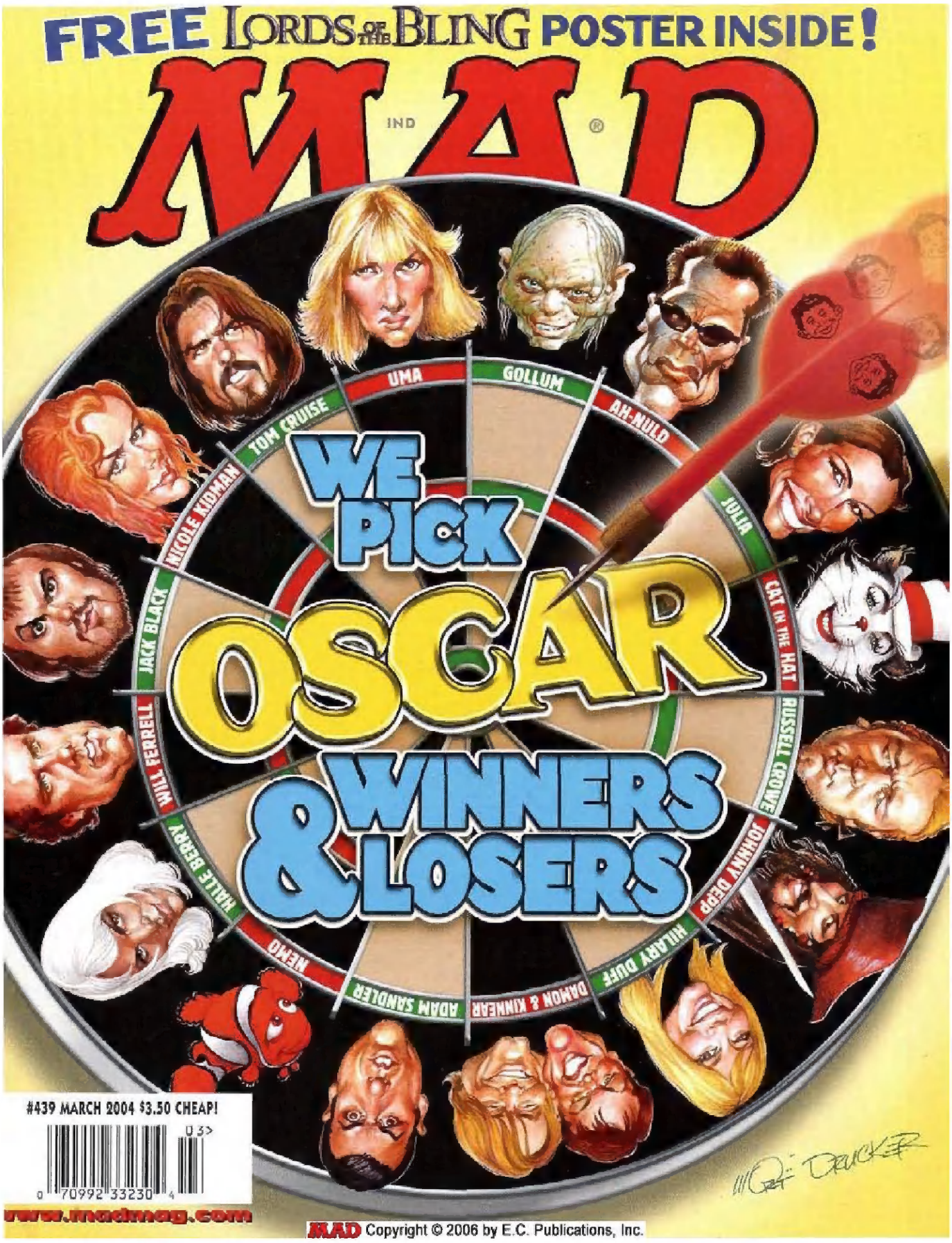

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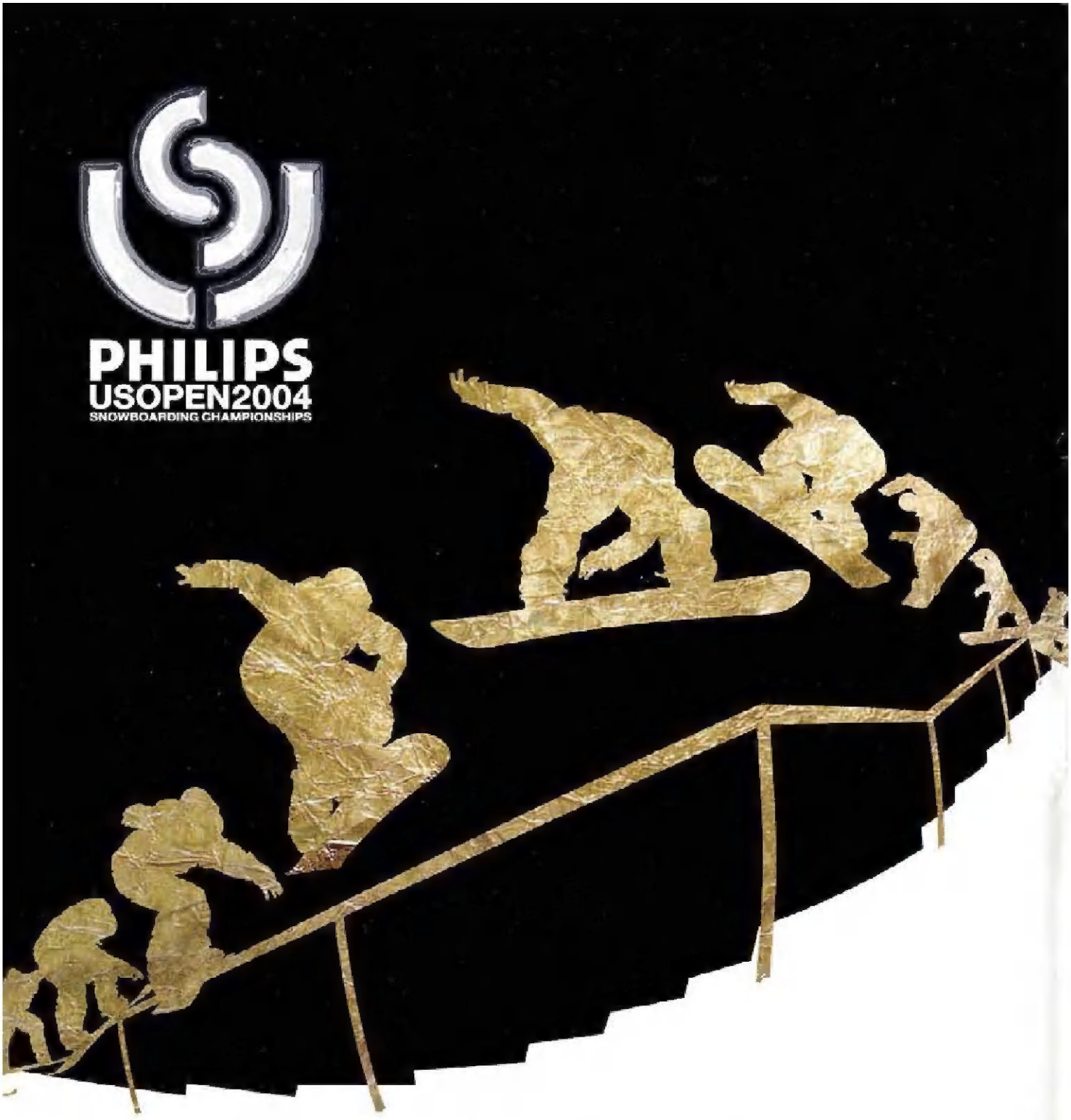

RAIL JAM MARCH 19 | **HALFPIPE** MARCH 20 | **SLOPESTYLE/JUNIORJAM** MARCH 21

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MAD

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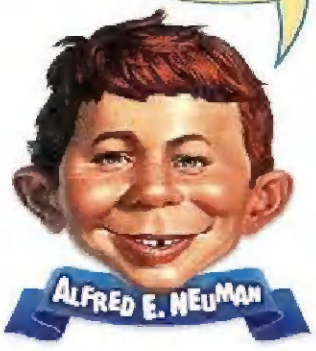

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

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WHO GIVES A SHEEP?

I have been a fan of MAD magazine for many years and have always thought highly of the writing and editing of it. On the second page of the Letters Page in MAD #436 there is a spelling mistake in the letter about the sheep disease called "Scrapie" which you and the writer had as "Scarpie." I have always been a stickler about spelling, but I believe that the only reason I know the correct word this time is that I raised sheep while in high school and had very bad luck with them, which may have been because they had a disease like Scrapie.

Roy Scott, Jr., Shelton, CT

Roy to the World — You say you didn't have a lot of luck with sheep. Obviously, you are unfamiliar with the revolutionary works by one Paula Simmons (why, her opus, *Raising Sheep the Modern Way*, single-handedly brought breeding into the 21st, nay, the 22nd century)! It's no wonder you haven't heard of Scarpie! You need to get yourself to the local 4H reading room, pronto! See you on the shearing line! —Ed.

THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

Back in MAD #436, we asked readers to send in any stories of a MAD-fueled run-in with a teacher or administrator. Here's just one example of the many responses we will be running in issues to come. In the meantime, if you have any horrifying stories you'd like to share, mail your missive to: Amy "The Big Teacher's Pet" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

The year was 1962. My best friend Fen and I were all excited about covering our textbooks with the special MAD bookcovers in one of your issues. The next day, when we got to school, we found our lockers had been opened and the covers removed — orders from our principal (Mr. Gooding — It's O.K. — of course he's dead). No apologies ever and they kept our covers.

Pat McCary, Spray, OR

BUSINESS UNUSUAL

How long do you think MAD magazine will be in business?

Brian Dunlop, Long Island, NY

Bri Bri — Sadly, long enough to print your stupid letter! —Ed.

MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

Here is my picture of me and my cat reading our MAD magazine in the room we most enjoy reading it. Sylvester likes the black and white portions of the magazine the most (for obvious reasons). He is hoping you will run our picture and letter in MAD so all the other cats will be jealous.

Marilyn McCalister, Stateline, NV

Big Mac — You know, they say a picture is worth a thousand words. But in this case, a single word will suffice — yikes! Just out of curiosity, what else does Sylvester talk to you about? Does he ever tell you to do things? *Bad* things? Oh my! Thanks for writing! —Ed.

Marilyn and her cat Sylvester flushed with happiness

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

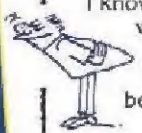
I am just an under-average sixteen-year-old kid, I don't have a job or a driver's license and I get horrible grades. As of this moment, because of my horrible grades, I am unable to do anything fun. The only thing I am allowed to do that is remotely entertaining is read your stupid magazine. I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*! — I want one of your artists to make a caricature of me in your magazine. I will probably be on restriction for another couple of months, and it would be really cool to see my picture in one of the upcoming issues.

Ryan Heffner, Bremerton, WA

Hef — Normally, we don't grant this particular wish, because if we did, every reader would want to see their mug in the pages of MAD. However, when we got your letter we were brimming with holiday spirit. So, at our annual holiday party, we asked a particularly "festive" John Caldwell if he would make an exception and sketch you. After a few more spiked egg nogs, Caldwell churned out this gem in record time. Enjoy! —Ed. (Note to readers: future requests to be drawn into the magazine will not be honored by the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. However, any other dumb wish will, of course, be considered!)

WRESTLING WITH A PROBLEM

I want to be made into a pro wrestler and so does my friend. I have loved wrestling for years and I wanted to fulfill my dreams of becoming a pro wrestler. I know some holds and moves. I am willing to do whatever it takes to be a pro wrestler. I would like for you to consider me for an episode and because I want to be a pro wrestler.



Jeremy Grant, Lancaster, OH

Grant Slam — We should explain that this letter was mistakenly delivered to us and was intended for the popular MTV show *Made*. On that show, viewers write in and MTV does their best to make their life-long dreams come true. Sadly, Jeremy, we do not have the connections to help you. However, we feel duty bound to do what we can. In that spirit, you should expect former All-County middleweight wrestling champ John "The Greased Weasel" Caldwell to show up at your house for a spirited bout of roughhousing. We should warn you, he bites! —Ed.

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CROSSING THE SNICKET LINE

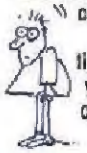
I'm sorry to say that the post you are reading is extremely unpleasant. It points out many very fallacious declarations made in your magazine. I strongly advise you to click away to some other, more pleasant web site immediately and forget about this post. This series is not intended to stretch on indefinitely, a word which here means "for as many books as Mr. Snicket can write until he dies." In fact, if you had done research, you may have learned that it is to be a series of 13 books of 13 chapters each. Thus, your parody was of proper length, though wrong in so many other incidences. Second, I do not sleep on a diamond-filled mattress. Not that I will say that I don't have one, but neither will I say that I do. Another item you attacked being the fact that Mr. Poe left the Baudelaire orphans with a person or group of people who were not related to the Baudelaires,

1. I am not, nor was I ever, Mr. Poe.
2. All people descended from one couple, we are all one family.

Why Mr. Poe did not leave the children with Justice Strauss is an issue that may come up in my research, as I dig deeper into the dreadful history of the Baudelaire children. Above all this, the fact I find most upsetting is that none of the information you gave seems accurate. Please do not spread false information regarding the affairs of the Baudelaire orphans, as it may confuse matters further. With all due respect,

Calmypal, via madmag.com

Caly — Either you're Lemony Snicket himself or someone who merely thinks he is. While we are not sure which is the sadder fate, we certainly hope that you *are* Mr. Snicket. Because, if you are spending your time writing to magazines, it means you're not working on another ass-trocious novel! —Ed.



MAD MAG AT THE GRAVITY GAMES

Despite repeated warnings from event security, MAD was out in full force at this year's Gravity Games held in Cleveland, Ohio from September 9th through the 14th and featured on NBC. At the MAD booth, attendees could pick up copies of MAD and have their caricatures drawn. Check out the photos to see how much fun everyone had!

The Big Easel

Here is a photo of me with the carving of Alfred E. Neuman that was made by my father, Moe Gordon, somewhere around 1960, when I was 11.

Gil Gordon, Monmouth Junction, NJ

Gil Pickle — We can see by your photo the burning resentment towards your father for bequeathing you this unique and wholly unsellable piece of bootleg MAD merchandise. Why do we get the feeling that this photo was originally taken for a failed eBay auction? Here's hoping that you have a close relative you can pawn it off on! Thanks for sharing your dad's talent with us! —Ed.

Gil Gordon goes bust!

A SIGHT FOR WAR EYES

Your product has helped my fellow soldiers and I out immensely since our deployment began in late April. Even though to some people it may not seem like much, but just having the same name-brand items you are accustomed to and that you can trust will work no matter where you travel is reassuring and makes your new home a familiar one. Again, thank you, and any advice you might have for the young men and women serving their country and who will be heading back to an ever-changing job market would be welcomed.

Reginald Stinson, U.S. Army

Reggie — First off, thanks to you and your compatriots for defending American freedom. Secondly, we have to admit that we felt better *before* we knew that these same brave men and women are apparently spending much of their time reading this rag and searching for new employment. We're guessing you and your unit were not *personally* involved with finding Saddam! —Ed.

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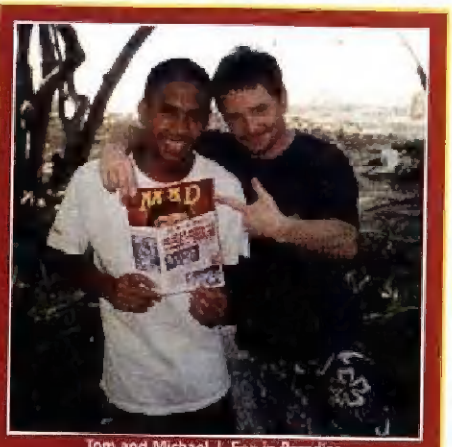
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Some people take their vacations in the most beautiful places on Earth. Unlike us, who spent eight days and seven nights in occasionally-sunny Paramus, New Jersey. (The time-share brochure made it seem like paradise!) So while Tom Kaminsky of Manhasset, New York was soaking up the rays with star of the big and small screens, Michael J. Fox, we were being terrorized by the street-hardened young toughs loitering outside the Chick-fil-A at the Paramus Mall. Congrats, Tom, on your three-year subscription and your vastly superior travel agent! —Ed.

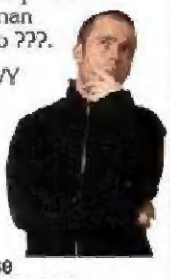


Tom and Michael J. Fox in Paradise

THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

In MAD #432, in "MAD's Photo Personal Gallery: The Men," did ??? get his memory back? The reason I'm seeking this info is because in MAD #436 in "Pleasant Little Thoughts That Might Help You Sleep Better at Night," the man sleeping looks really close to ???.

Melinda Granke, Laramie, WY

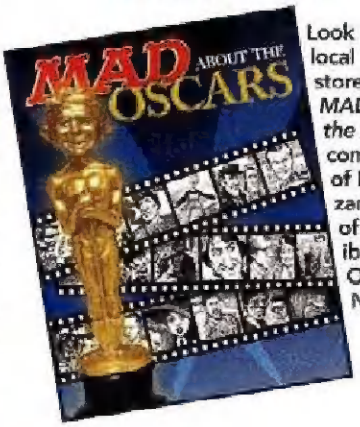


Mellie Mel —Your powers of observation are truly astounding (and by astounding, we mean pathetic)! Unfortunately, ??? has not regained his memory. Bad news for him, good news for us. We plan to use his pretty little face in a variety of MAD features, including "A MAD look at ???," "Melvin and ???" and "Spy Vs. ???." So keep your eyes peeled for future appearances by ??? — not that we need to tell you that, you crazy stalker, you! —Ed.

ANTIQUES FREAKSHOW

Great news for bargain hunters and antique aficionados! MAD's own expert appraiser, Hans Brickface, has been hired to evaluate all of your precious heirlooms, collectibles and tchotchkes on our Letters Page. All you need to do is send a clear photograph of the item and a brief description of where it came from, how much you paid for it and any other helpful information about it. Who knows how much your useless crap is actually worth! Send pics to Amy "The Big Appraiser" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

READER ALERT!



Look in your local bookstores for *MAD About the Oscars*, a compilation of MAD's zany satires of Oscar-caliber movies. ON SALE NOW!

MAD POORLY-PHOTOSHOPPED CELEBRITY SNAPS

Saddam and Doug Thomson in Paradise

NEXT MONTH IN MAD #440

***LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RETURN OF THE KING, JOAN OF ARCADIA,* AND THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF MONROE AND...SURVIVOR JR.!**

NEXT MONTH IN COLOR CLASSICS #9

***EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND, MAD TV VS. SNL* AND A SPECIAL PULL-OUT POSTER!**

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the usual gang of idiots

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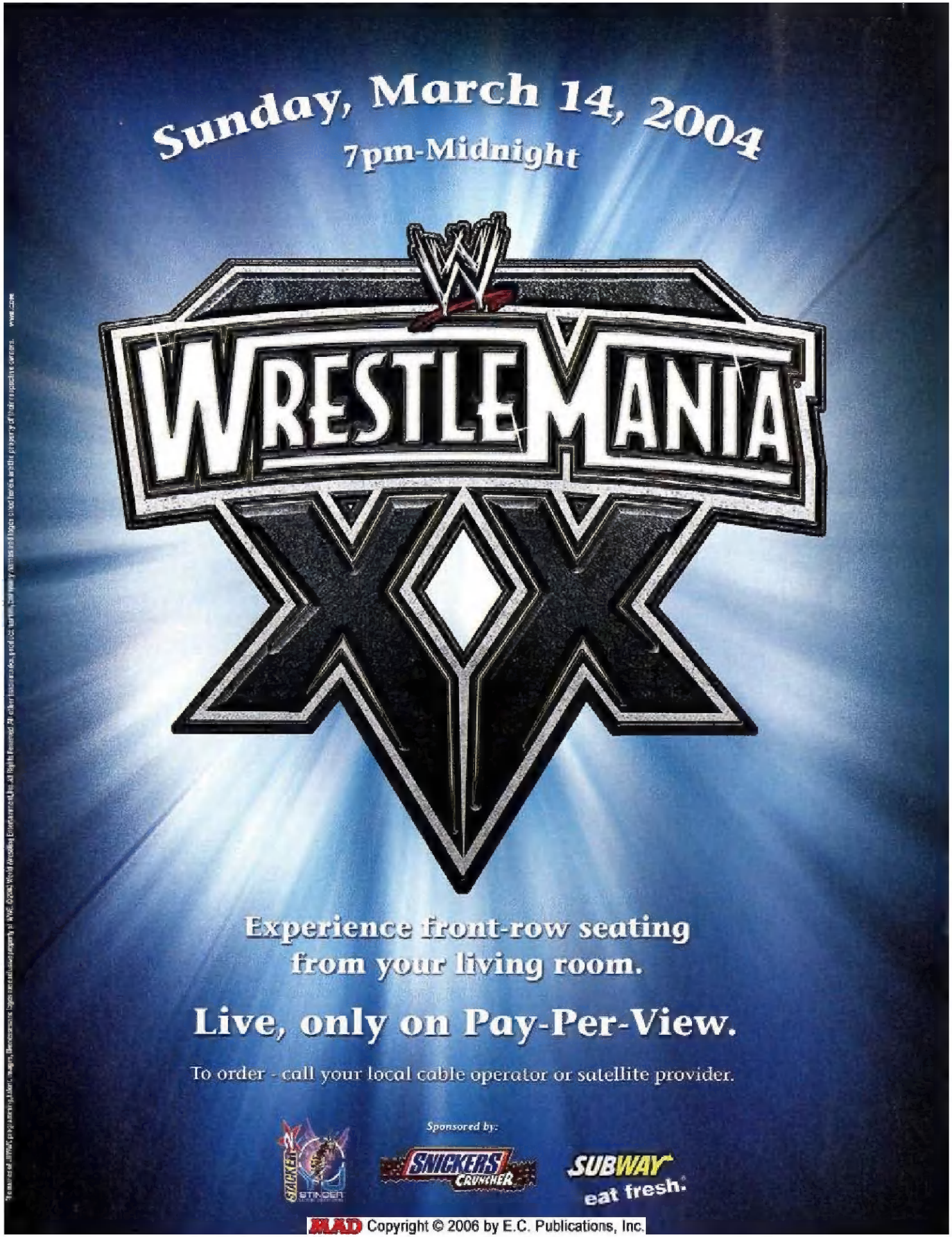

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THE FUNDALINI

9 QUESTIONS WE'D LIKE TO ASK SADDAM HUSSEIN

To your knowledge, did Michael Jackson ever try anything funny with Uday or Qusay?

Can you believe Steinbrenner let Pettitte sign with Houston?

It's been said that you put a million people to death — were you trying to beat Bush's record as Governor of Texas?

Your Minister of Information reports that you're currently living it up in Aruba — any comment?

For the elite Republican Guard's uniforms — boxers or briefs?

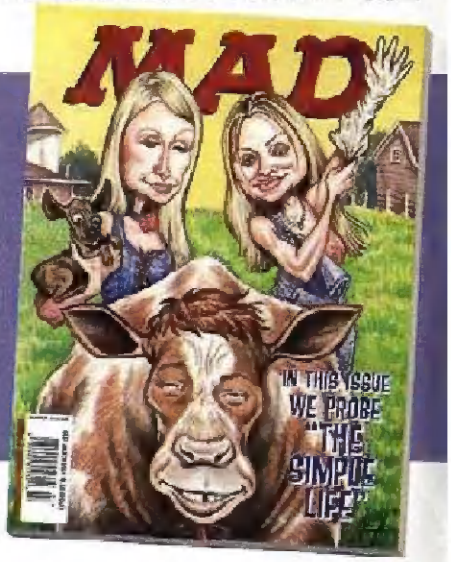
So, what's next for Saddam?

Do you have any advice for aspiring young dictators who want to annihilate, maim and torture their countrymen and threaten the international community with weapons of mass destruction?

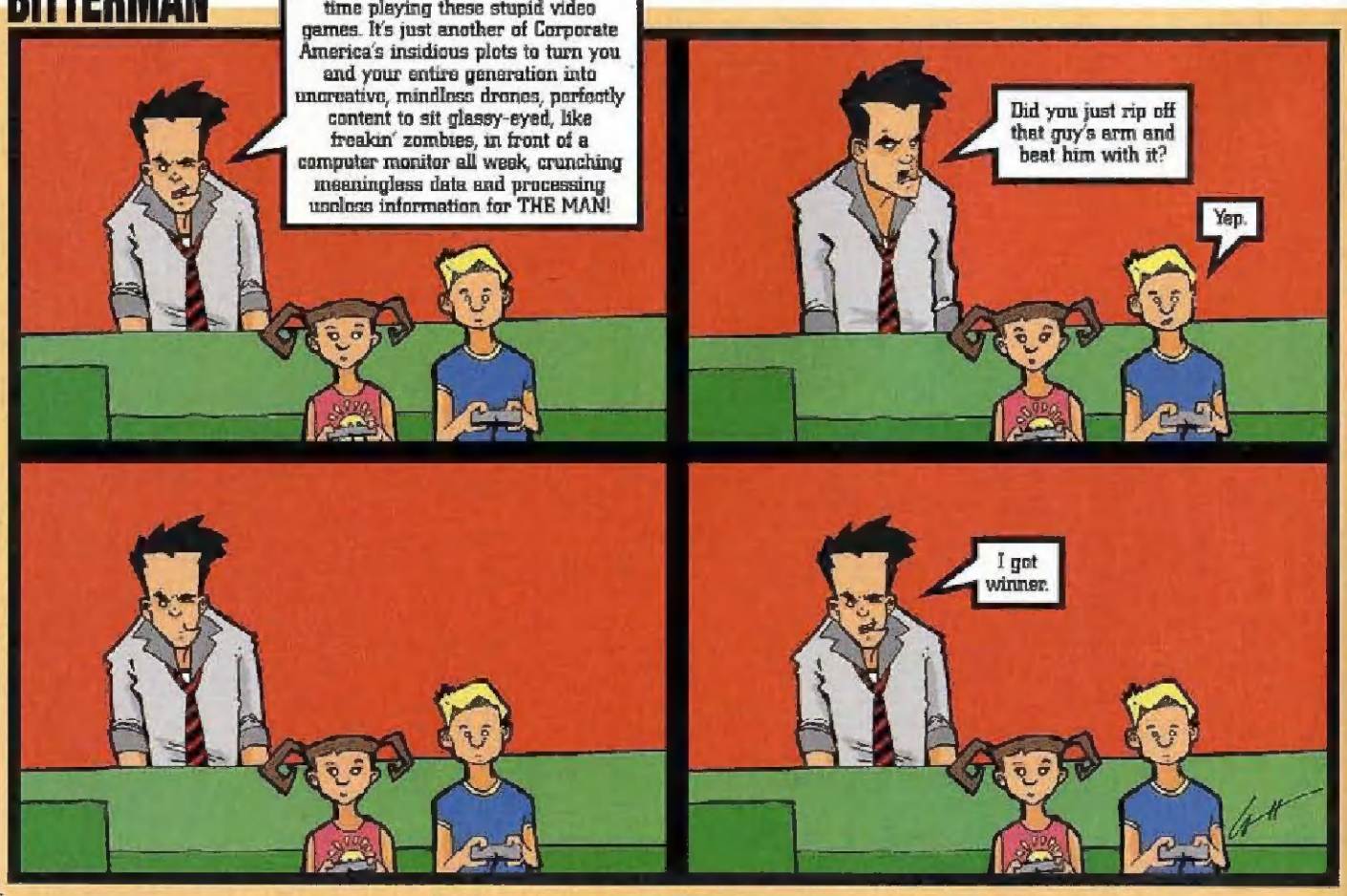
While you were in hiding, did you TiVo anything?

Weren't you just copying Al Gore when you decided to grow a beard after you lost?

THE COVER WE *DIDN'T* USE



BITTERMAN


I don't know why you waste your time playing these stupid video games. It's just another of Corporate America's insidious plots to turn you and your entire generation into uncreative, mindless drones, perfectly content to sit glassy-eyed, like freakin' zombies, in front of a computer monitor all week, crunching meaningless data and processing useless information for THE MAN!
Did you just rip off that guy's arm and beat him with it?
Yep.
I got winner.

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PAGES

VIDEOGAME CORNER

HOW THE TOP GAME CONSOLES COMPARE: A CONSUMER'S GUIDE

	XBOX	PLAYSTATION 2	GAMECUBE
Big green "X" on unit	YES	NO	NO
Plays Xbox game cartridges	YES	NO	NO
Provides Bill Gates with R&D money to create new, kickin' games	YES	NO	NO
Headquarters near Seattle, which was named for renowned Native American prophet	YES	NO	NO
Based in Japan, which didn't send soldiers to help topple Saddam Hussein's evil regime	NO	YES	YES

CLEARLY, XBOX IS THE SUPERIOR GAME SYSTEM!

(Special thanks to Microsoft for research assistance in preparing this feature)

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HER DEMISE!

This month: JESSICA SIMPSON

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Brain aneurysm while staring for hours at frozen orange juice can marked "Concentrate"	5:1
First-ever "contract hit" put out by MENSA	12:1
Starvation after locking herself inside car	16:1
Slapfight with Mandy Moore over which of them is #3 behind Britney and Christina	20:1
Fatal "repetitive-pouting" injury	25:1

MONKEYS ARE ALWAYS FUNNY

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Satchels	Valises	Steamer Trunks
Ointments	Salves	Balms
Incontinence	Holding It In	Going Behind the Garage

MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO WINTER FROLIC

Jenkins salts the sidewalk to make it safer for passersby to go about their daily business.

Melvin used up all his rock salt months ago while torturing garden snails.

OSCAR BY THE NUMBERS

$6,850: Combined worth of all Oscars presented in the non-televised day-time portion of the Award ceremony, held a week or so prior to the actual Oscar telecast. Also, the total amount the Academy spends on this ceremony, plus maybe another $45 for a party platter from Subway.

February 24th, 5:00 p.m.: Deadline for all Academy members to submit their ballots for voting. Also, the deadline for all aged Academy members in declining health to pass away if they want to be included in the ceremony's "In Memoriam" reel.

.03 cm: Thickness of the gold-plating on an Oscar statuette. Also, the length the ends of Russell Crowe's mouth extend in that infectious grin of his when he wins one.

972 bubbles per minute: Amount of fizz rising to the surface in an average glass of Dom Perignon served at Elton John's annual after-party. Also, the amount of frothing at Tom Cruise's mouth after it's clear another year has passed him by with no Oscar.

$2.95: Cover price of *Us Weekly*'s Oscar coverage issue featuring perennial "Oscar Night's Best- & Worst-Dressed" article. Also, the value of any formerly $10,000+ gown that had the misfortune to wind up in the "Worst" column.

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THE FUNDALINI PAGES

THE FAST 5

THE 5 DARKEST SECRETS DISCOVERED IN RUSH LIMBAUGH'S MEDICAL RECORDS

1984 – Requires rabies shot after fighting with a wild dog over a turkey leg.

1994 – Treated for a self-inflicted hickey.

1997 – Has laser surgery to remove "Thug Life" tattoo he got while partying with Tupac.

2001 – Ear problem corrected, still deaf to reason, however.

2004 – X-rays reveal he's *literally* full of crap.

GANGSTA RAPPER OR IRA EXTREMIST?

1) O'Shea Jackson
2) Sean O'Bradaigh
3) Calvin Broadus
4) Gerry Adams
5) Sean John Combs
6) Owen Kirwan
7) Lonnie Lynn
8) Thomas Donnelly
9) Shawn Carter
10) John McIntosh
11) Artis Ivey
12) Nicholas Tyrrell
13) Tracy Morrow
14) Felix Rourke
15) Dana Owens

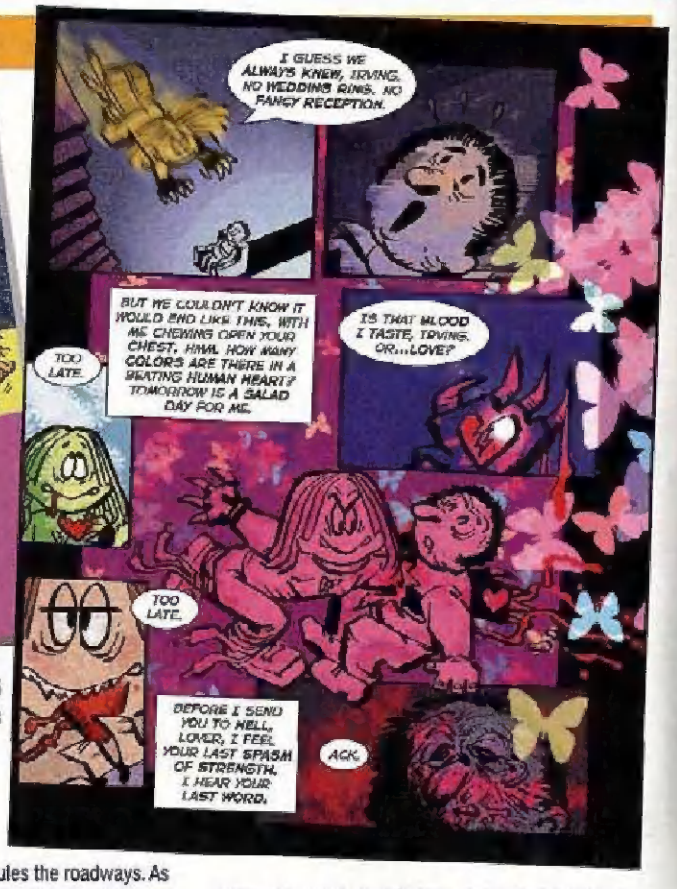
The following are rappers (The rest are extremists):

O' Shea Jackson (Ice Cube)
Calvin Broades (Snoop Dogg)
Sean John Combs (P. Diddy)
Lonnie Lynn (Common)
Shawn Carter (Jay-Z)
Artis Ivey (Doolio)
Tracy Morrow (Ice-T)
Dana Owens (Queen Latifah)

KITTY RESCUE
Won't you please give one of our needy cats or kittens a loving home?
Kitty Rescue 555-6632
I'M BLUEBELL
A 6 mos. Siamese with amazing blue eyes. I will bond with your children and then dart outside first chance I get and never be seen again.
HI, I'M MUFFIN
A lively 1-yr-old calico with a chronic ear infection that will have you chasing me around your house for an hour three times a day with a small but surprisingly expensive bottle of drops. I love seniors!
MY NAME IS MOONPIE
I'm a 9-mo.-old longhair. I'm petrified of everything. I've got a wonderful thick coat which you'll see as a blur for all of two seconds as I bolt out of the cat carrier and hide under your bed where I'll remain whenever anyone is home for the next six years.

GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

128 pgs., $16.95
For Mature Readers


I GUESS WE ALWAYS KNEW, IRVING. NO WEDDING RING. NO FANCY RECEPTION.
BUT WE COULDN'T KNOW IT WOULD END LIKE THIS, WITH ME CHEWING OPEN YOUR CHEST. HMM. HOW MANY CALORIES ARE THERE IN A BEATING HUMAN HEART? TOMORROW IS A SALAD DAY FOR ME.
IS THAT BLOOD I TASTE, IRVING. OR...LOVE?
TOO LATE.
TOO LATE.
BEFORE I SEND YOU TO HELL, LOVER, I FEEL YOUR LAST SPASM OF STRENGTH. I HEAR YOUR LAST WORD.
ACK.

For over 25 years, cartoonist Cathy Guisewite has delighted the easily-delighted with her unique brand of Etch-A-Sketch squiggles. *Cathy* has examined the full spectrum of single life from A to B. Whether it's the angst of dieting, the angst of dating, or the angst of dieting in order to get dates, *Cathy* clearly strikes a chord with readers. And strikes it. And strikes it. That poor chord. *Cathy*'s fans are convinced that there's just nothing funnier than a twitching blob with cauliflower hands, shooting out 28 sweat beads.

There have been dozens of collections of the comic strip, from 1978's *Don't Any of You Want My Phone Number?* to last year's *Check For Lumps Once a Month...In Your Couch!* However, for her first attempt at a self-contained graphic novel, Guisewite knew she would be facing a brand new audience. She brought her gritty script to popular creator Frank Miller (*The Dark Knight Returns, Daredevil, Sin City, Richie Rich With Stubbie and a Gun*) and he immediately agreed to join the project.

The first subtle telltale sign to readers that this is not your mother's *Cathy* is her shirt logo. Look closely, and you'll see Miller has changed it from a little heart to a little heart with a crack in it. The second clue is the smoldering, post-apocalyptic killing field strewn with body parts.

The year is 2026. A military junta rules America, but has only a loose grip on the blistering desert plains where Thunder Thighs Cathy rules the roadways. As you enter this frightening new world, you can almost literally smell the blood and grime of a minute-to-minute existence, although that could also be fumes from the book's cheap paper stock.

The saga follows Cathy, beyond the reach of the law and accompanied only by her faithful dog, Electra, as she wreaks revenge upon those who wronged her back in civilization. The sequence where she finally gets hold of the mall lady who used to sell her all those expensive, uncomfortable shoes may be too intense for younger readers. And her terrifying final meeting with her old boss Mr. Pinkley is similarly brutal. But can Cathy overcome the anarcho-lesbian alliance between former best buds Charlene and Andrea, and commanded by her own mother? The gritty ending leaves open the possibility of a sequel, though it's unclear how Cathy can survive without arms.

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Ray Alma Scott Bricher Desmond Devlin Evan Dor Maiko Kevin Pope Mike Snider Jack Syracuse Bill Wray

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NOTHING TO CROWE ABOUT DEPT.
Winston Churchill said the British Navy is known for three things: rum, sodomy and the lash. Well, that's another article — much funnier than this one! Meanwhile, you'll have to settle for this spoof about a big-budget sea epic starring Russell Crowe, who is trying to find his acting sea legs, but, let's face it, he's no Johnny Depp! He can best be described as a...
MASOCH
ON THE FA
Mr. Puffin, hoist the mizzenmast! Mr. Sham, rig the jib! Mr. Pullet, set a course south, south west!
Aye, aye, Captain! Is that the location of the enemy French vessel?
Not sure! But when the wind blows from that direction, it makes my ponytail look real cool!
Why is he known as "Lucky" Jock Tubtree?
In all his years at sea, he's never lost a battle!
Never?
Well, except perhaps with his weight!
The conditions here on the HMS Supersize are horrendous! Unbearable! 197 souls cramped together in tight quarters!
Two hundred years from now, United Airlines will call it "coach"!
In 1805, children crewed alongside grown men on British vessels!
But Lord Blankey, you're only 13 years old!
I know! It's hard to get the respect of your men while your voice is changing!
Have you noticed, there's not a single female character in this film!
I'm not so sure, there's been a lot of galley talk about Lord Flotsam!
10
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ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

HISTCOMMANDER
RCE SIDE OF THE WORLD
How's it going, Mr. Hawkey? See anything?
Not yet! Still searching for a plot, sir!
Keep looking, Hawkey! It's out there in the fog someplace!
How long is this movie?
Two hours and eighteen minutes! Two hours and *thirty* minutes if you include the title!
Anytime a movie's got more than eight words in the title, you know you're in for an endless film!
Mr. Poultry, I think the lack of female companionship is affecting the men!
What do you mean?
The wooden lady at the front of the ship is starting to look good to them!
They say it's bad luck to bring a woman on ship!
Is that a rule of the Sea?
It's a rule of movie studios! Ever since they released *Cutthroat Island* with Geena Davis!
This is a good date movie!
It is?
Yes! If you're dating a sea tortoise!
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN
COLORIST: WILDSTORM
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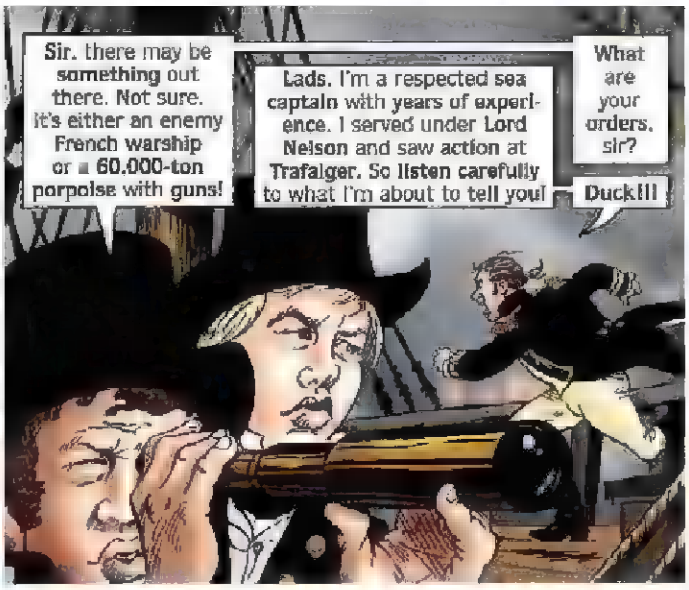
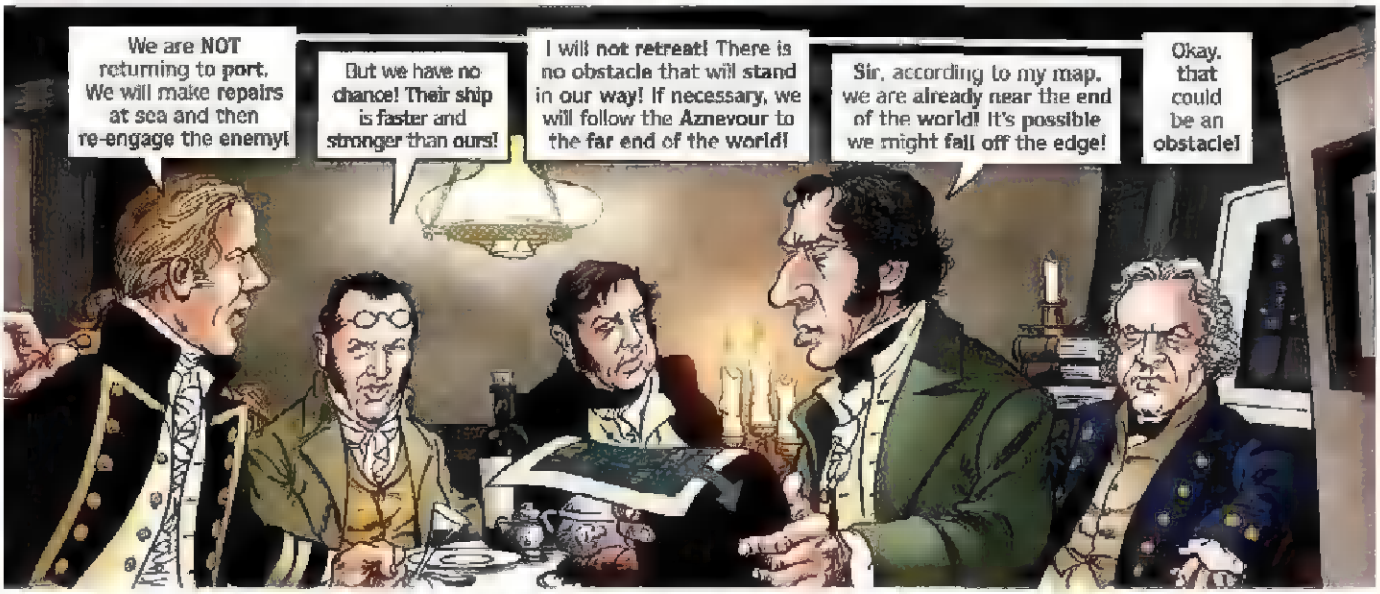
11


Sir, there may be something out there. Not sure. It's either an enemy French warship or a 60,000-ton porpoise with guns!
Lads, I'm a respected sea captain with years of experience. I served under Lord Nelson and saw action at Trafalger. So listen carefully to what I'm about to tell you!
What are your orders, sir?
Duck!!!

It's the French! They came out of nowhere and ambushed us!
They're hitting us with everything!
I don't mind the heavy cannons and the musket fire, but they're lobbing pate de foie gras and rich desserts onto our hull!
Those crafty bastards! If the cannonballs don't kill us, the cholesterol will!
SPLAT

The good news is, the battle is over!
The bad news is, the battle is over!
The opening and closing naval battles are the only exciting scenes in this picture! Now we have to endure a two-hour snorefest of "sensitive relationships scenes," underpowering shots of ocean vistas and painful Mozart — and Bach — duets!
And the bad news?
Pardon, sir?
PLINK PLINK

Doctor, what is the damage?
Nine dead, 24 wounded, 104 battered tall hats!
Bury the dead, tend to the wounded, but first, repair the hats! We are the English navy! We may be damaged goods, but we must look spiffy at all times!


We are NOT returning to port. We will make repairs at sea and then re-engage the enemy!
But we have no chance! Their ship is faster and stronger than ours!
I will not retreat! There is no obstacle that will stand in our way! If necessary, we will follow the Aznevour to the far end of the world!
Sir, according to my map, we are already near the end of the world! It's possible we might fall off the edge!
Okay, that could be an obstacle!

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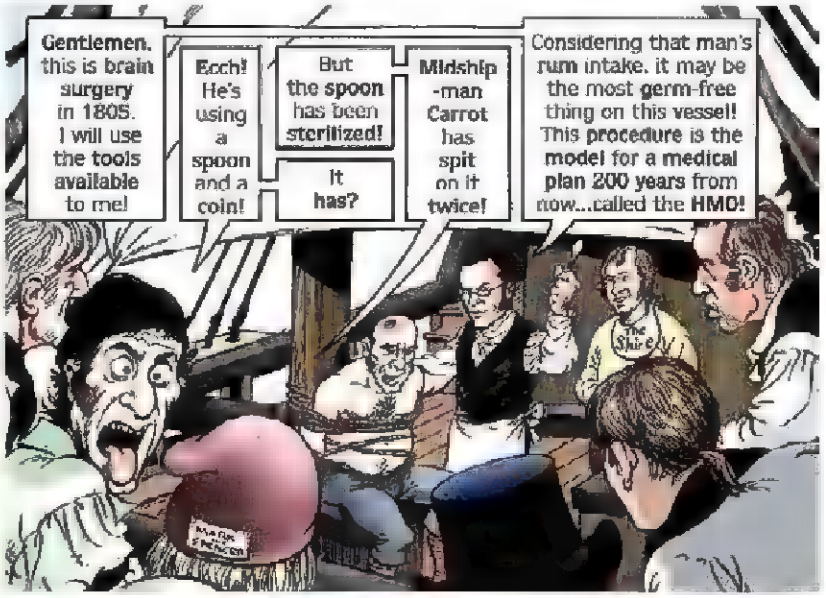
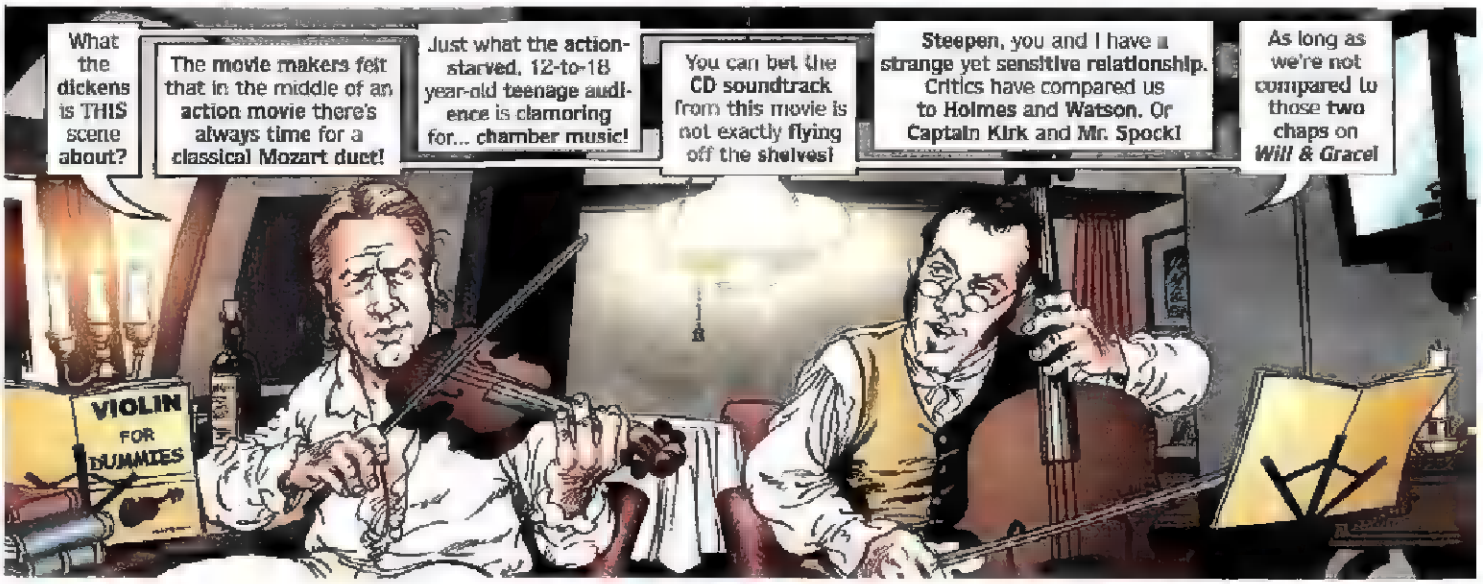
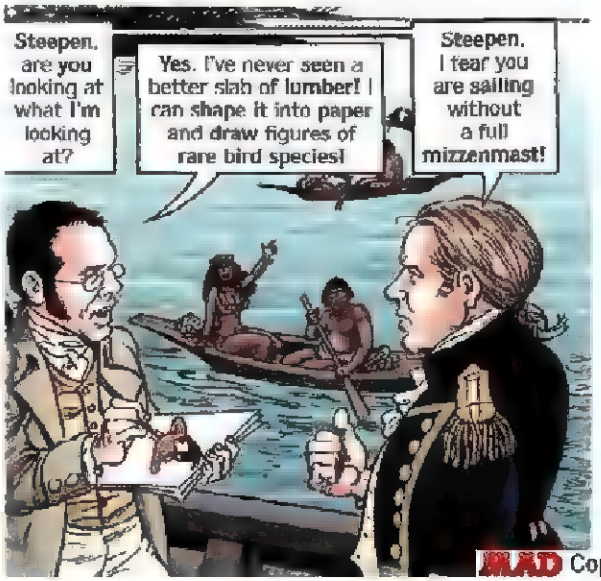
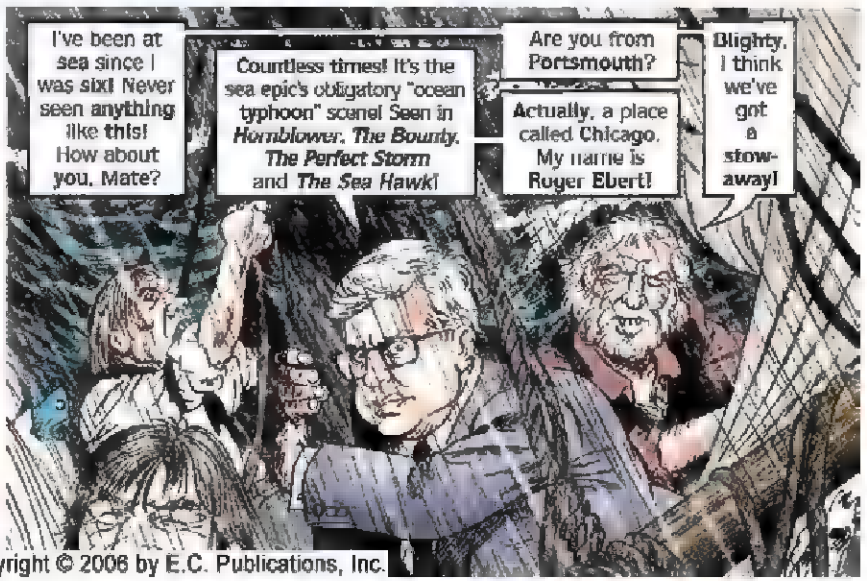
You have a bad wound, Lord Blankey. We must remove your arm!
I can take it, sir!
Anesthesia hasn't been invented yet. Here, boy, bite on this. It will put you to sleep and make you drowsy!
What is it, sir?
It's the script!


Gentlemen, this is brain surgery in 1805. I will use the tools available to me!
Ecch! He's using a spoon and a coin!
But the spoon has been sterilized!
It has?
Midship-man Carrot has spit on it twice!
Considering that man's rum intake, it may be the most germ-free thing on this vessel! This procedure is the model for a medical plan 200 years from now...called the HMO!


What the dickens is THIS scene about?
The movie makers felt that in the middle of an action movie there's always time for a classical Mozart duet!
Just what the action-starved, 12-to-18 year-old teenage audience is clamoring for... chamber music!
You can bet the CD soundtrack from this movie is not exactly flying off the shelves!
Steepen, you and I have a strange yet sensitive relationship. Critics have compared us to Holmes and Watson. Or Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock!
As long as we're not compared to those two chaps on Will & Grace!
VIOLIN FOR DUMMIES


Steepen, are you looking at what I'm looking at?
Yes. I've never seen a better slab of lumber! I can shape it into paper and draw figures of rare bird species!
Steepen, I fear you are sailing without a full mizzenmast!


I've been at sea since I was six! Never seen anything like this! How about you, Mate?
Countless times! It's the sea epic's obligatory "ocean typhoon" scene! Seen in Hornblower, The Bounty, The Perfect Storm and The Sea Hawk!
Are you from Portsmouth?
Actually, a place called Chicago. My name is Roger Ebert!
Blighty, I think we've got a stow-away!

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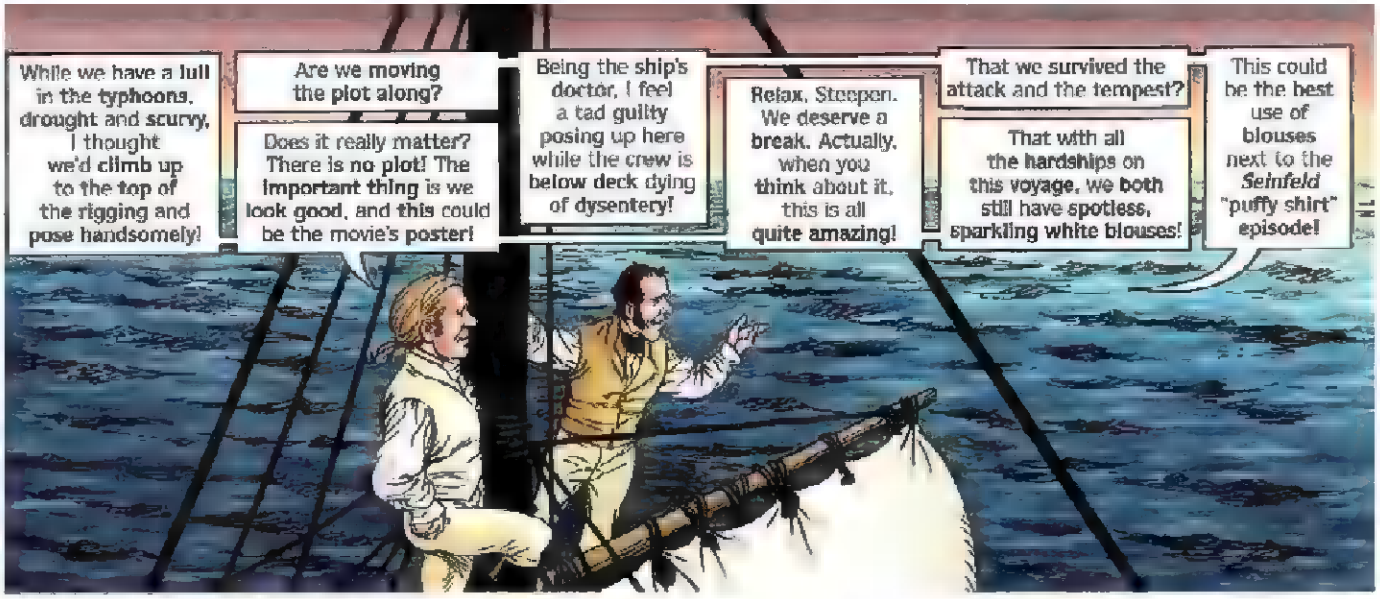
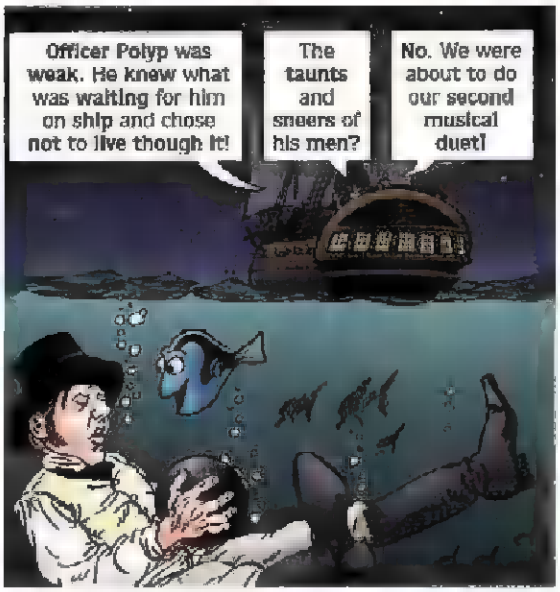
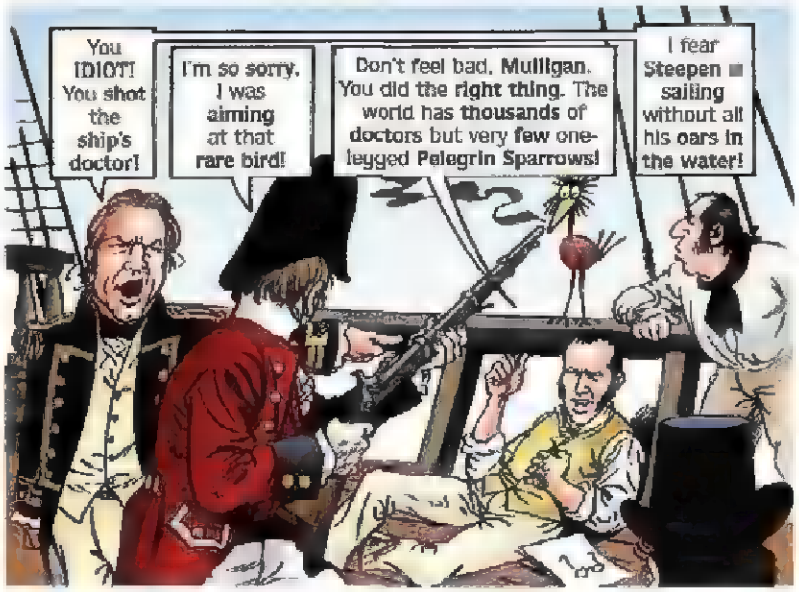
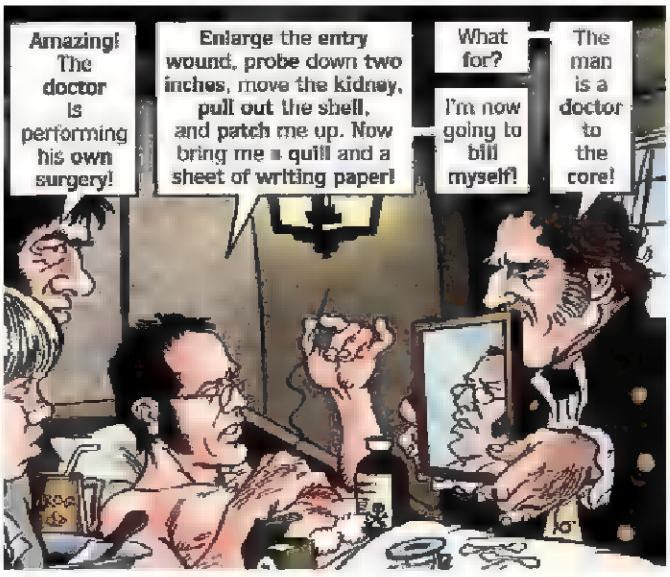
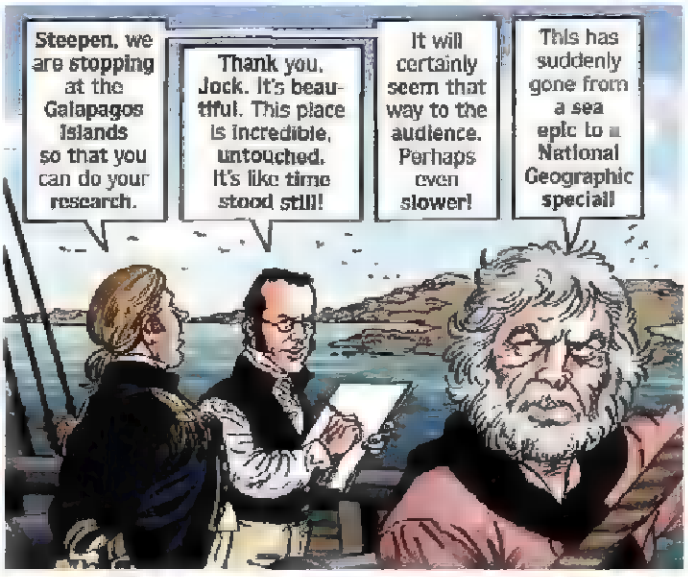

While we have a lull in the typhoons, drought and scurvy, I thought we'd climb up to the top of the rigging and pose handsomely!
Are we moving the plot along?
Does it really matter? There is no plot! The important thing is we look good, and this could be the movie's poster!
Being the ship's doctor, I feel a tad guilty posing up here while the crew is below deck dying of dysentery!
Relax, Steepen. We deserve a break. Actually, when you think about it, this is all quite amazing!
That we survived the attack and the tempest?
That with all the hardships on this voyage, we both still have spotless, sparkling white blouses!
This could be the best use of blouses next to the Seinfeld "puffy shirt" episode!


Officer Polyp was weak. He knew what was waiting for him on ship and chose not to live though it!
The taunts and sneers of his men?
No. We were about to do our second musical duet!


You IDIOT! You shot the ship's doctor!
I'm so sorry. I was aiming at that rare bird!
Don't feel bad, Mulligan. You did the right thing. The world has thousands of doctors but very few one-legged Pelegrin Sparrows!
I fear Steepen is sailing without all his oars in the water!


Amazing! The doctor is performing his own surgery!
Enlarge the entry wound, probe down two inches, move the kidney, pull out the shell, and patch me up. Now bring me a quill and a sheet of writing paper!
What for?
I'm now going to bill myself!
The man is a doctor to the core!


Steepen, we are stopping at the Galapagos Islands so that you can do your research.
Thank you, Jock. It's beautiful. This place is incredible, untouched. It's like time stood still!
It will certainly seem that way to the audience. Perhaps even slower!
This has suddenly gone from a sea epic to a National Geographic special!

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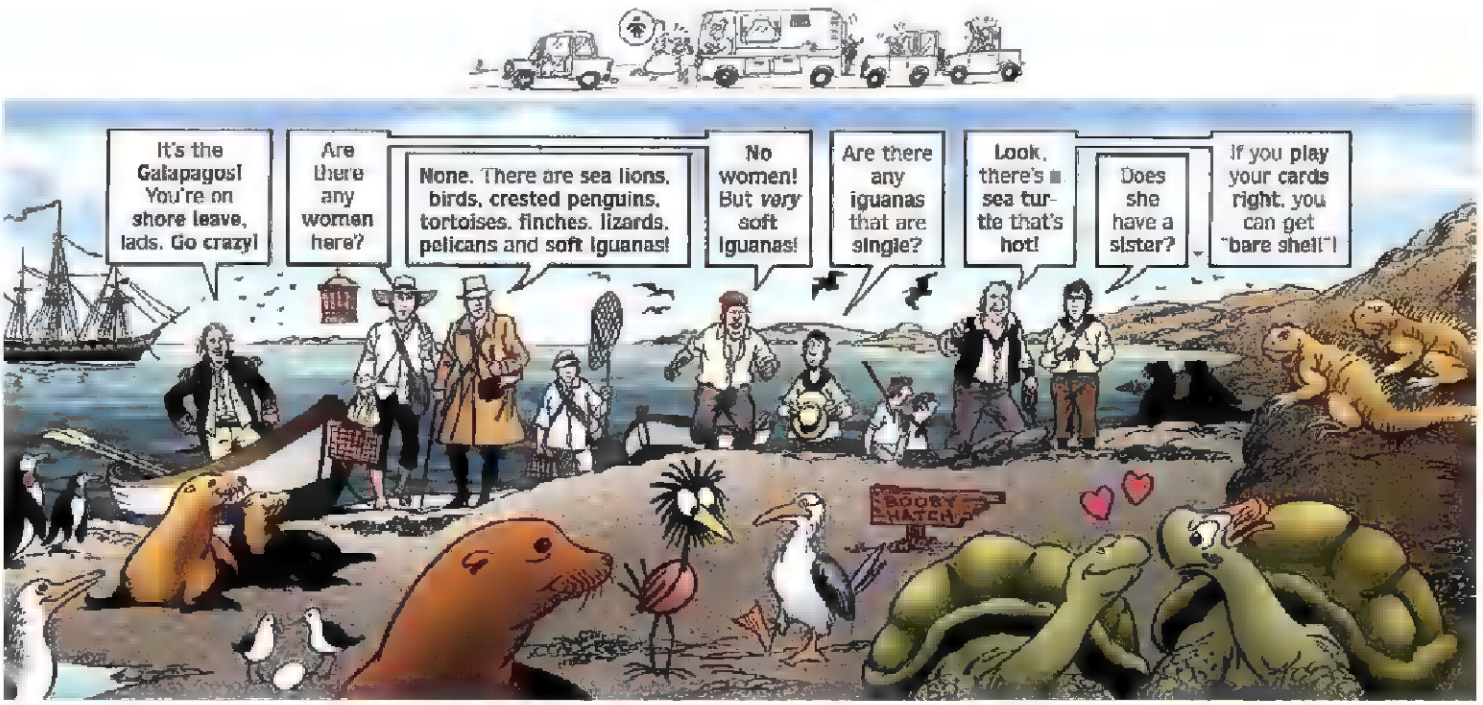
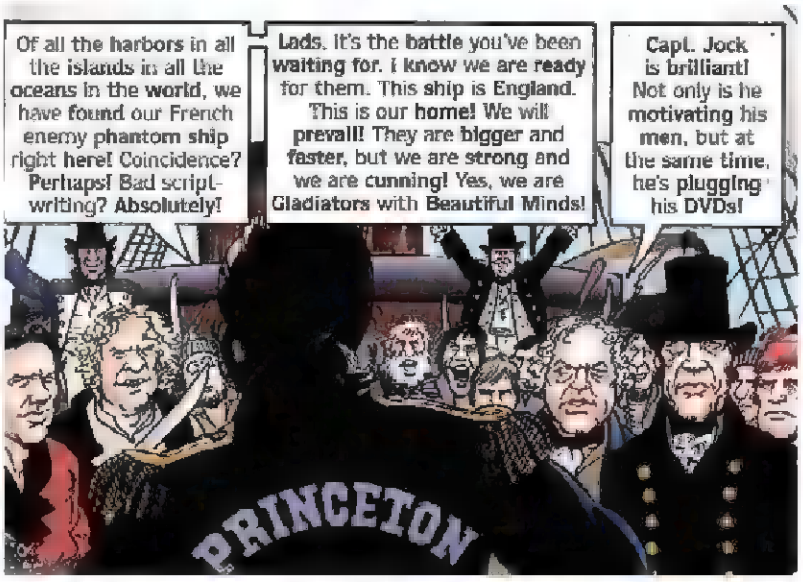
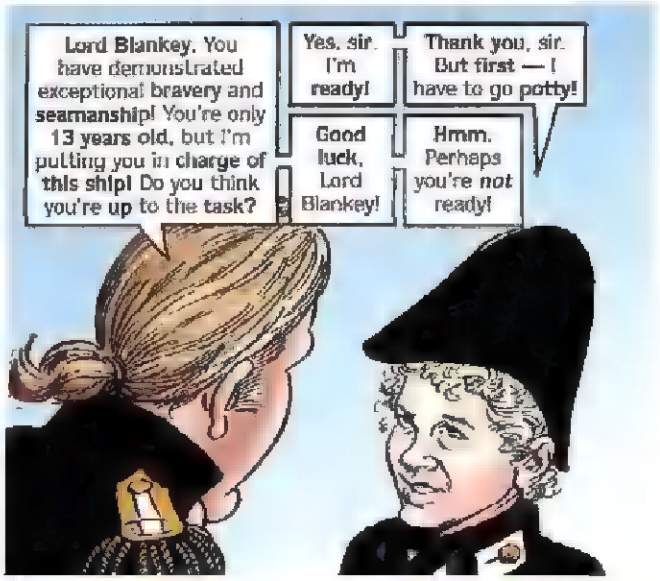

It's the Galapagos! You're on shore leave, lads. Go crazy!
Are there any women here?
None. There are sea lions, birds, crested penguins, tortoises, finches, lizards, pelicans and soft iguanas!
No women! But very soft iguanas!
Are there any iguanas that are single?
Look, there's a sea turtle that's hot!
Does she have a sister?
If you play your cards right, you can get "bare shell"!
BOOBY HATCH


Of all the harbors in all the islands in all the oceans in the world, we have found our French enemy phantom ship right here! Coincidence? Perhaps! Bad script-writing? Absolutely!
Lads. It's the battle you've been waiting for. I know we are ready for them. This ship is England. This is our home! We will prevail! They are bigger and faster, but we are strong and we are cunning! Yes, we are Gladiators with Beautiful Minds!
Capt. Jock is brilliant! Not only is he motivating his men, but at the same time, he's plugging his DVDs!
PRINCETON


Lord Blankey. You have demonstrated exceptional bravery and seamanship! You're only 13 years old, but I'm putting you in charge of this ship! Do you think you're up to the task?
Yes, sir. I'm ready!
Good luck, Lord Blankey!
Thank you, sir. But first — I have to go potty!
Hmm. Perhaps you're not ready!

Finally! The big battle scene between the English and the French!
It's all a blur. Who are the English? Who are the French?
I'm English. I hope you're French!
Whoops! I think we've got problems, mate!

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If you know your history, you know that secret groups have long held sway over the masses of humanity: The Knights of [illegible] Solomon's Temple, The Freemasons, The Trilateral Commission, The Council on Foreign Relations, The Vatican, the second Mafia, Moose Club, Yale's Skull & Bones, parking attendants...the list goes on and on. What? "Parking attendants" you're wondering? Yes, parking attendants — those odd strangers we pay to park our cars. Recently, a source wishing to remain unnamed slipped us the following shocking document. We promised Marty Kleinfelter never to show it to anyone and [illegible] reading it, you [illegible]

The Valet Parking Attendant's Secret Oath

I swear my loyalty to the Apollo Parking System Associates as my witnesses to this oath. I promise to fulfill, according to my negative attitude, poor driving skills, and unfortunate lot in life, this pledge and covenant:

I promise that my tie will always be a different shade of black than the oversized jacket I'm wearing.

Furthermore, I swear that the tie will be a poorly-affixed clip-on, leading drivers to the uneasy conclusion that they are about to leave their $40,000 piece of machinery with someone who is unable to operate a real necktie.

I swear that I will motion for the driver to pull up "just a little more" as soon as he puts the vehicle in park and begins to get out.

On my honor, I will never, ever, refuse to park a car with a manual transmission, despite my inability to distinguish the difference between a clutch and a trunk release lever.

I will do my best to guarantee that the driver's claim ticket will be left on his dashboard in a place that is irretrievable to all but the tiny, nimble hands of a double jointed toddler.

I promise that if I do not simply leave the driver's keys in the ignition of his unlocked, unguarded car, I shall do my best to lose them completely.

I resolve to adjust the car's rearview mirror in a manner that makes the driver incapable of readjusting it back to his liking in under 40 minutes or 25 miles. In addition, I resolve to adjust the seat in a manner that leaves the driver completely immobile and unable to even execute a simple K-turn to come back and complain.

Although I will only drive the car for a few hundred feet, I pledge to adjust all of the radio stations to my tastes and leave the radio's volume raised to a level that will distract the driver, as he drives away, from noticing the screeching of the emergency brake, which I've also left on.

I promise to leave my shirt unlaundered and my body unwashed — creating a noxious, lingering odor in the vehicle that will force the driver to travel with his windows rolled down, even in the dead of winter, just to keep his eyes from tearing.

I promise to continually run my hands through my hair and snack on Cheetos during my shift to ensure that the steering wheel is left covered in an oily, orange-colored sheen.

I duly promise that the length of time it takes me to get the driver's key from the mess on the pegboard, remember where I parked his car and then leisurely stroll to get the vehicle will be long enough to either push the driver past the baby sitter's curfew, into the garage's next hourly price range or both.

If the driver has lost his claim ticket, I pledge to tell him that there is nothing I can do, even if I know exactly which car is his. I also swear to call in no fewer than three coworkers to "consult with on policy" — if only to amuse ourselves and draw attention to his stupidity.

Regardless of my ineptitude or incontrovertible evidence of my guilt, I will swear that I wasn't even the one who parked the car and shall treat the garage's "We are not responsible for lost, stolen, or damaged items" sign as my own personal "Get Out of Jail Free" card.

Finally, I swear that no matter how generous a tip the driver places in my hand, I will grunt and act as though he's just handed me a full colostomy bag.

Duly signed this day ____ of _____, 2004 by

_____

Notarized by _____

ARTIST: LIZ LOMAX

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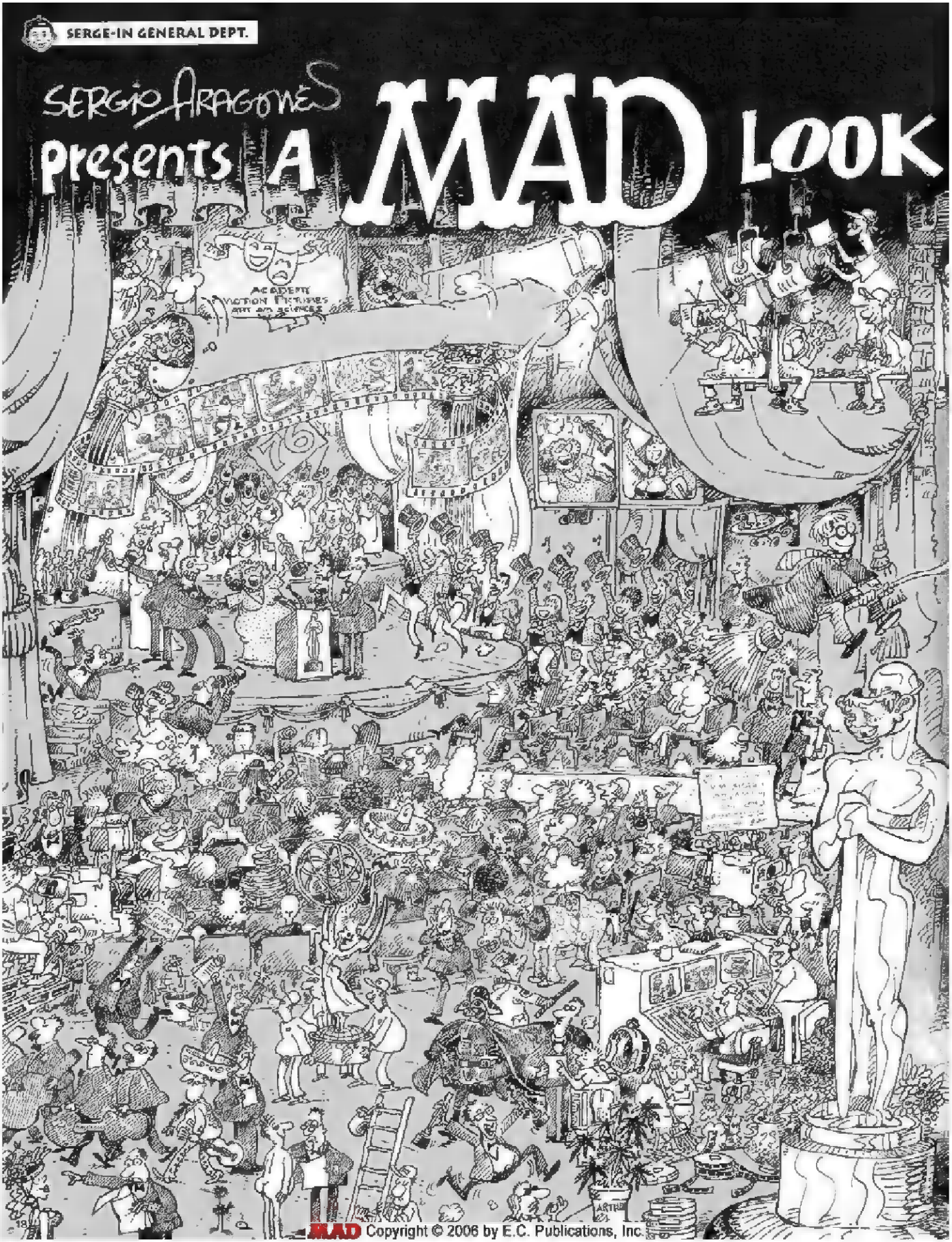

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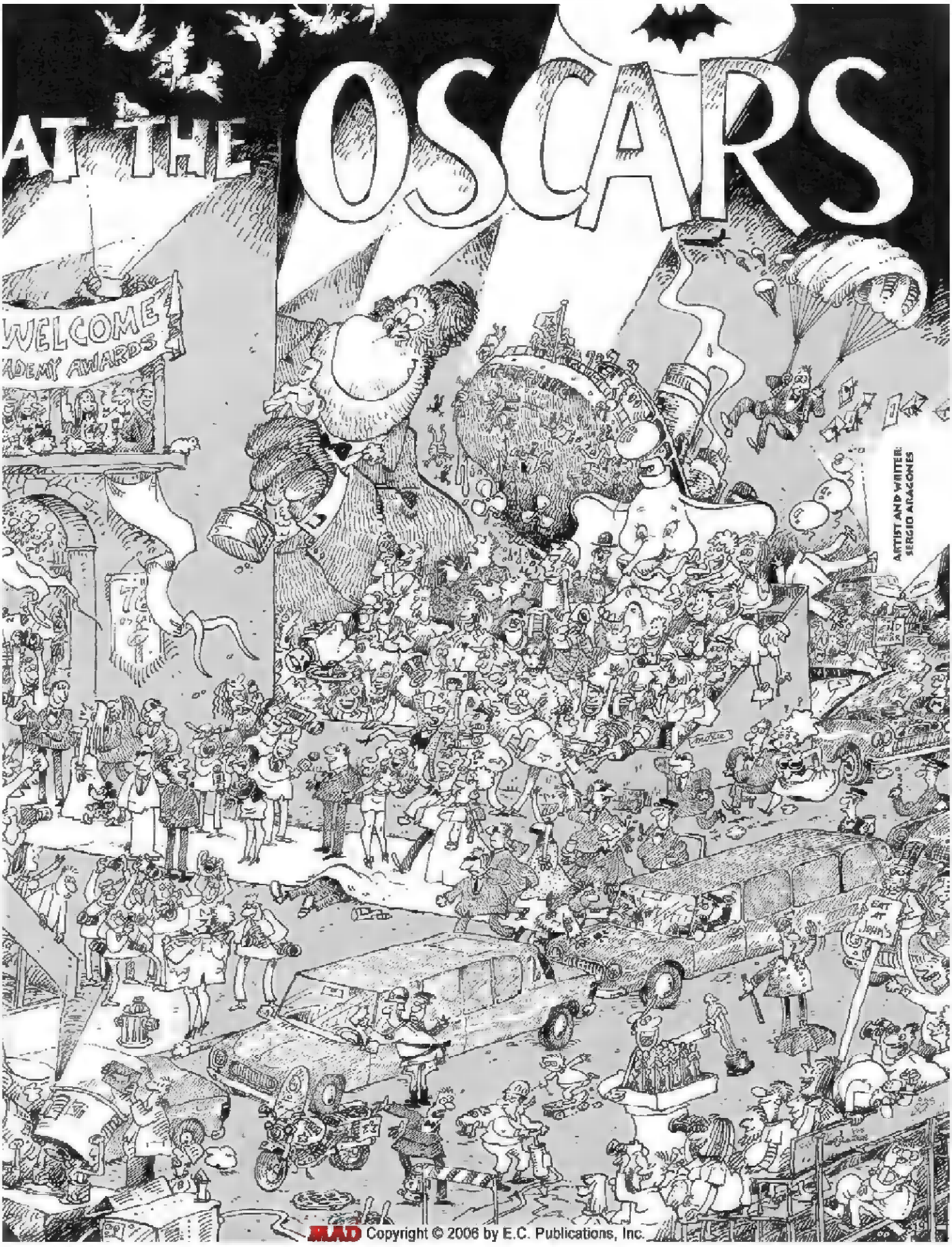

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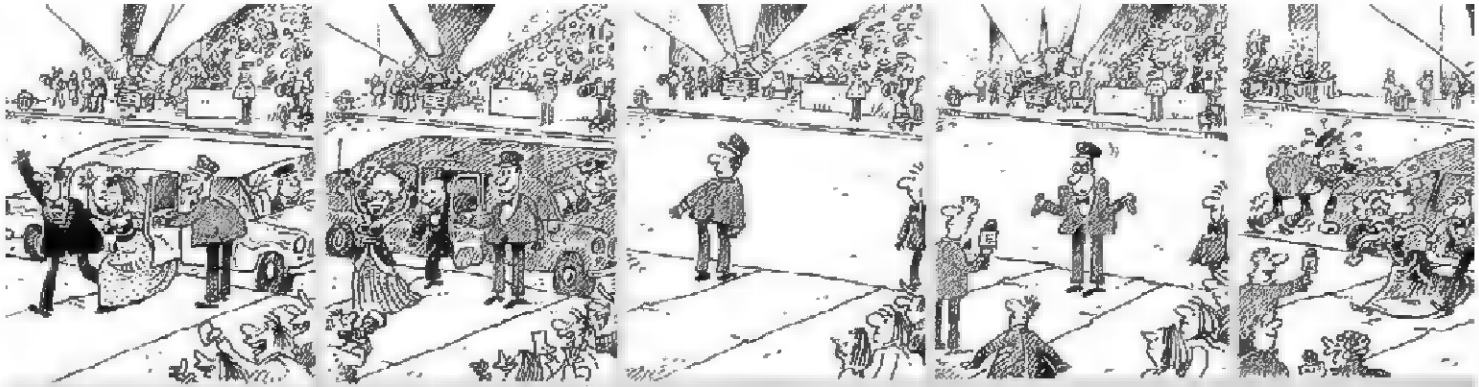

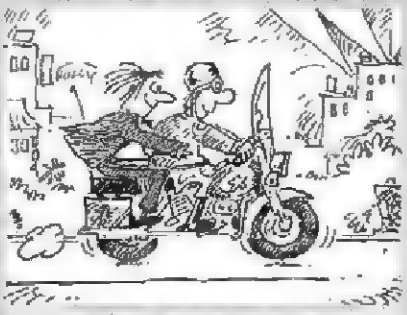

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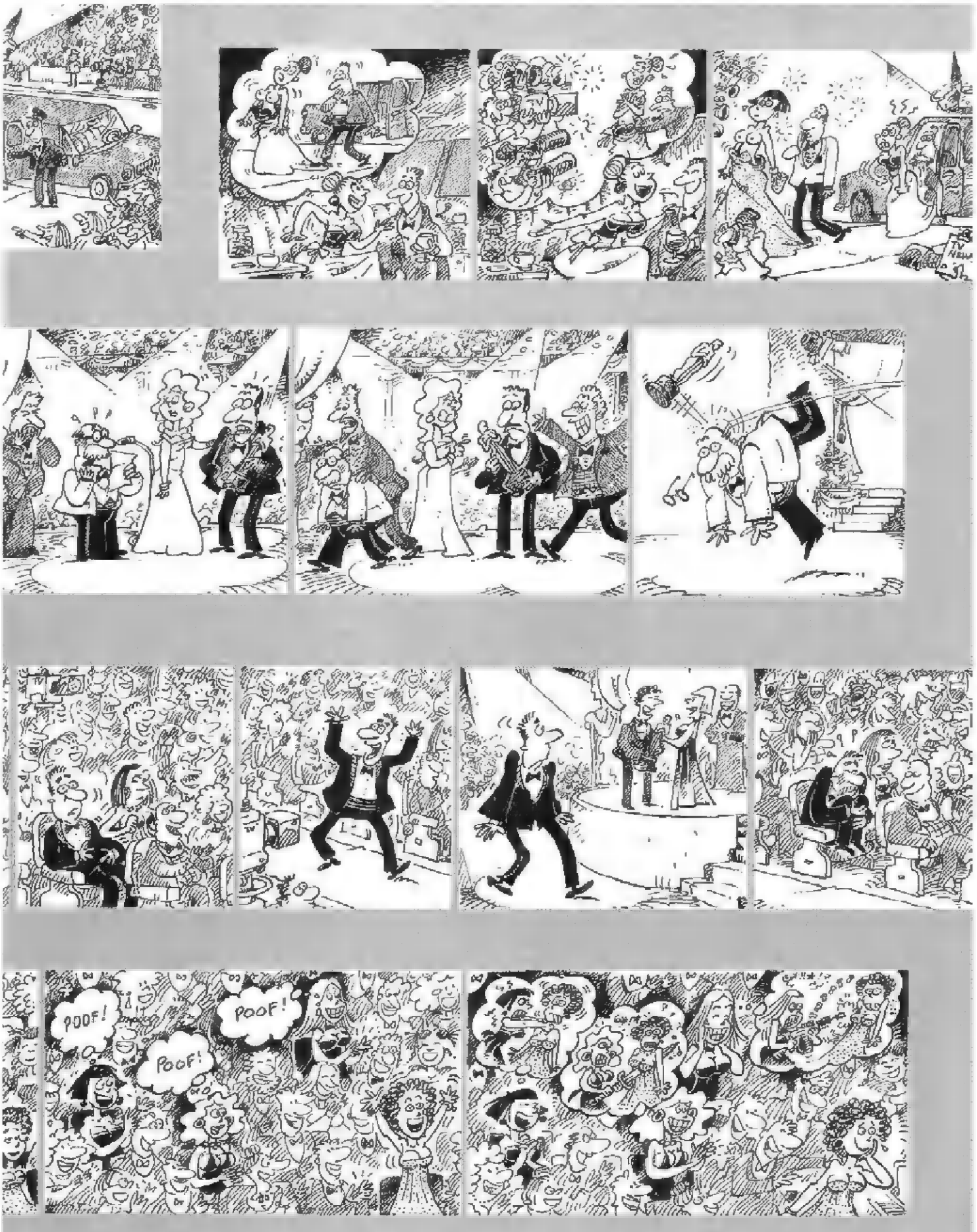

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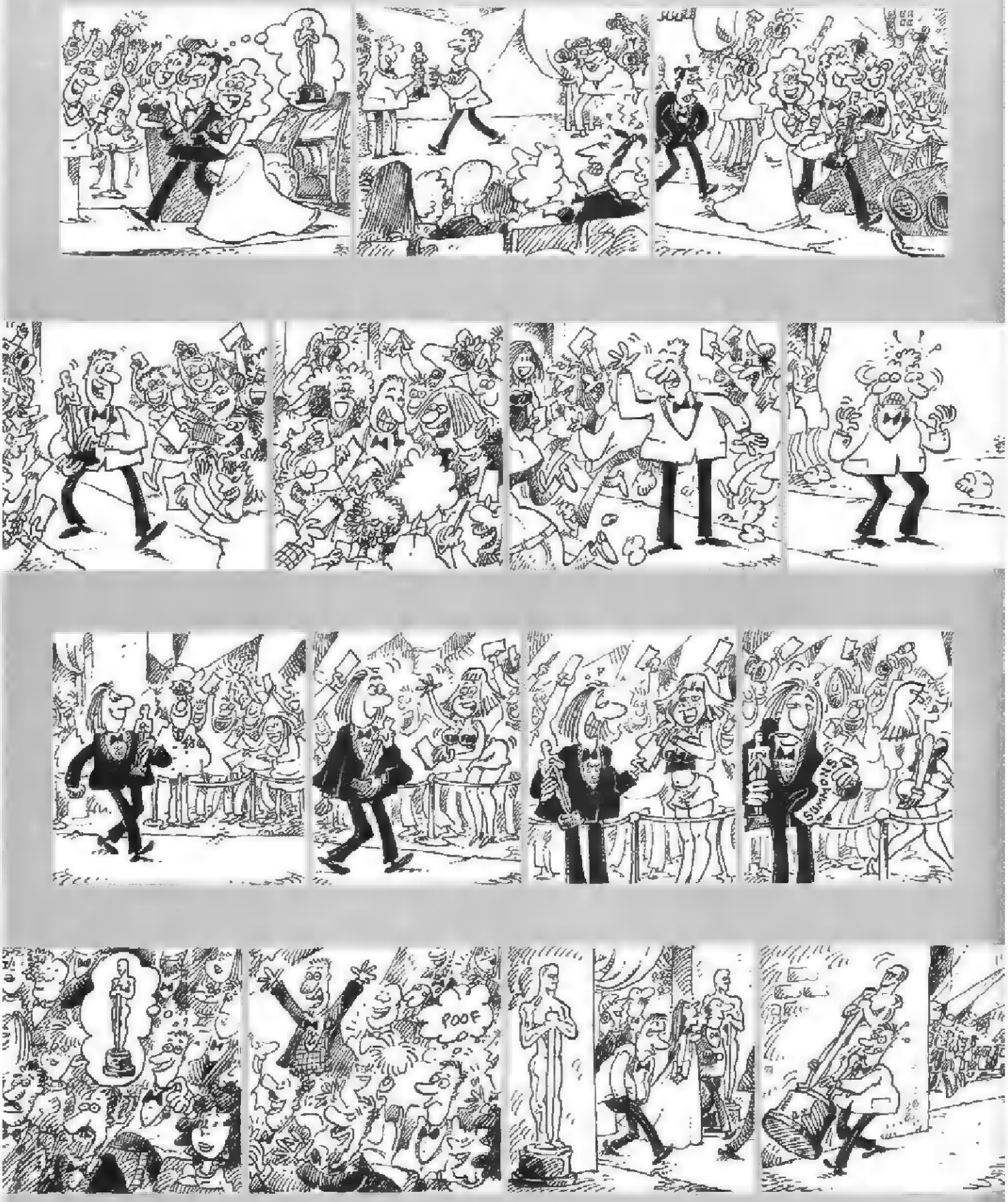

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a girl skateboard company movie

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TY EVANS
and CORY WEINCHEQUE

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THE
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THE JEWELRY NEVER ENDS
STARRING: P. DIDDY, NELLY, LIL' KIM, JA RULE, LUDACRIS AND SNOOP DOGG AS GANDALF THE WIZZARD
ALSO STARRING: JAY-Z, OUTKAST, MISSY ELLIOTT, LIL JON & THE EAST SIDE BOYZ, CHINGY, FABOLOUS, BOW WOW, JERMAINE DUPRI,
THE WINSTON TWINS, MASTER P, LIL' ROMEO AND MYA AS GIMLI THE BEARDMAN AKA THE #1 DWARFA
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SOUNDTRACK FEATURES THE HIT SONGS: IN DA CLUB, GET UR FREAK ON, HARD KNOCK LIFE (FRODO ANTHEM), MO RINGWRAITHS MO PROBLEMS, SARUMAN AIN'T NUTHING TA F' WIT
PRODUCED BY BLIND MATERIALISM, IN ASSOCIATION WITH CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION BASED ON THE IDEA THAT FAME AND FORTUNE WILL LAST FOREVER
NO BLING WAS HARMED DURING THE MAKING OF THIS FILM – BECAUSE MOST OF IT WAS RENTED AND HAD TO BE RETURNED
ARTIST: MARK STUTZMAN
WRITERS: GREG LEITMAN AND ARIE KAPLAN
COMING SOON: BANKRUPTCY!
A MAD MAGAZINE MOVIE POSTER

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ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPT.
The tribe has (stupidly) spoken. It's...
MONROE and...
WHEN WE LAST JOINED MONROE...
CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR SON IS GONNA BE A CONTESTANT ON SURVIVOR JR. YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD!
FORGET ALL THAT. WHAT'S THE PAY-OUT?
HE COULD WIN HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!
BUT THEN THERE'S THE WHOLE DOWNSIDE THING ABOUT HIM "SURVIVING," RIGHT?
THANKS, POP.
THE OTHER TEAMS HAVE THEIR PLAYERS SAFELY OUT OF THE HOLES, BUT THE HEYBATABATA TRIBE STILL HAS MONROE STUCK IN THE SAND.
GUYS? YOU WANT TO GET ME OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE TIDE COVERS ME? GUYS?
WE'RE THINKING, WE'RE THINKING...
OKAY, TRIBE-MEMBERS, BRING IT IN. BY NOW I'M SURE THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS YOU'RE MISSING ABOUT HOME.
PORN.
MY PIT BULL, SCUZZY.
FRIENDS AT SCHOOL.
Mmm... I GOT NOTHING.
THERE'S ONE THING NOBODY'S MENTIONED. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING OF ALL... Family!
Whuh...?
THAT'S RIGHT. HERE IS A FAMILY MEMBER FOR EACH ONE OF YOU.
PABLO, WE HAVE NO FAMILY MEMBER FOR YOU SINCE YOU ARE AN ORPHAN.
Sweet! WE MAY WIN THIS ONE, GRAMPS!
BUT WE DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU ALONE, SO HERE IS YOUR OLD TROUBLED TEEN COUNSELOR, THE MOST POPULAR SURVIVOR OF ALL TIME—RUPERT!
AWESOME! RUPERT!
WE'LL DESTROY 'EM ALL, KID!
SMACK!
PERFECT.
SOON...
YOU HAVE THE RULES FOR THE CHALLENGE. UNTIE THE ROPES AND FOLLOW THEM TO GO INTO AND OUT OF THE JUNGLE.
GO!
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ARTIST: BILL WRAY

SURVIVOR JR. PART 2

AND NOW, OUR STORY CONTINUES...
AS THE LEADER OF THE HEYBATABATA TRIBE, I GET THE SENSE THAT PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO GET A LITTLE TENSE.
ALL RIGHT. WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO ABOUT FOOD—WE'RE DOWN TO GRASS AND FISH SCALES.
I THINK IT'S PRETTY GOOD! YOU SHOULD TASTE MY MOM'S COOKING. YOU'D QUIT COMPLAINING IN A SECOND.
THE LITTLE RUNT IS RIGHT.
HE IS?
I AMP
THIS IS NO PLACE FOR COMPLAINING. THIS IS A PLACE FOR SURVIVAL. BESIDES, WE COULD ALL STAND TO LOSE A COUPLE POUNDS.
THAT'S RIGHT. SKINNY IS IN.
I HAVE RETURNED... BUT SO HAS MY DYSENTARY! I NEED A WARM WASHCLOTH AND A BUCKET TO LET LOOSE INTO!
GRANDPA? WHAT THE HELL?
YOUR FOLKS ARE SLEEPING OFF THEIR HANGOVERS FROM THE CELEBRATION PARTY THEY THREW AFTER YOU LEFT, SO I FIGURED WHAT THE HELL.
BESIDES, I BURIED SOME STUFF ON THIS ISLAND DURING THE WAR. WE GOT DIGGIN TO DO!
ALL RIGHT. YOUR RELATIVE WILL BE HERE FOR ONE DAY. YOU WILL PAIR UP AND BECOME YOUR OWN TRIBE FOR THAT PERIOD, COMPETING IN YOUR OWN CHALLENGE.
HOW'S THAT BUCKET COMING? THE TRAIN IS PULLING INTO THE STATION.
GOOD LORD!
GRAMPS! RUN!
WHAT?! HUH?!
GRAMPS! WAIT!
DID WE LOSE THEM?
WHO?
WHO? HIROHITO'S HOUNDS, THAT'S WHO! THEY'RE ALL OVER THIS JUNGLE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND LEFTY AND BROOKLYN AND BIVOUAC UP ON THE RISE!
GREAT! YOU'RE HAVING A WAR FLASHBACK AGAIN!
NO KIDDING, AND ALSO, IF ONE OF US GETS KILLED, THE OTHER CAN SUE AND END UP OWNING THIS NETWORK.
NOW YOU'RE THINKING.

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

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MONTAGE

MEANWHILE...
AND THE WINNERS BY A MILE—RUPERT AND PABLO! GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER, YOU TWO ARE GOING TO HAVE A DELUXE BARBEQUE!
Sweet!
WAIT. WHERE'S THE RUNT?
AND THE GEEZER?
OH... UH... I GUESS THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT.
WELL, THOSE RIBS AREN'T GOING TO EAT THEMSELVES.
LET'S DO IT.
YEAH!
THAT WAS GREAT!
YOU SAID IT! WHEN I WAS ON SURVIVOR, I HAD TO KILL EVERYTHING I ATE.
YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED THAT WEASELLY "JOHNNY FAIRPLAY" GUY.
NAW, NOT ENOUGH MEAT ON HIM.
SPEAKING OF SCRAWNY, I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO MY TRIBEMATE.
TRIBEMATE?! THAT RUNT WAS ON YOUR TRIBE? COME ON, WE GOTTA FIND THEM!
THAT'S IT! PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!
FIRST, I'D NEED A BACK.
I FOUND 'EM!
AHH! THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO! RUN FOR IT!
NO GRANDPA, IT'S RUPERT! THANK GOD! WE'RE SAVED!
GUYS, THE BEACH IS TEN FEET THROUGH THE TREES. WHAT WERE YOU DOING?
RELIVING SOME GREAT MEMORIES OF WAR & MALARIA, YOUNG MAN.
HEY, NICE EARS.
HANDS OFF, GRIZZLY!
ALL RIGHT EVERYONE, SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR LOVED ONES.
I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO DO. THANKS FOR COMING, GRANDPA.
BEING 85, I'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS WHOLE EPISODE BY TUESDAY. WHY DON'T YOU BLOW OFF THIS STUPID GAME AND COME HOME WITH ME?

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ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T POISONOUS? BECAUSE MY FACE IS STARTING TO GET NUMB.
QUIT YER BAWLING. IT WAS A LITTLE CATERPILLAR. THE MOST SHE DID WAS LAY HER EGGS IN YOU.
WHAT? I'M GONNA THROW UP!
OKAY, BUT SAVE IT IN A CUP. COME SUNDOWN, WE'LL BE FIGHTING OVER IT.
CRAWW!
HOLD EVERYTHING, MONTY. THAT'S IT!
UNLESS IT'S AN ANTIDOTE, I'M NOT INTERESTED.
IT'S THE GIANT PALM TREE MARKER!
I FOUND THE TREASURE!!
I HAD THIS KEY "KEISTERED" THROUGH HALF THE WAR.
Ouch— UP YOUR BUTT? WERE YOU HIDING IT FROM THE ENEMY?
NO, IT WAS A BAR BET. AFTER A WHILE I JUST GOT USED TO IT.
YIKES! WHAT ARE THOSE? EARS?
YOU BETCHA. THAT'S WHAT I WON IN THE BAR BET. GOT IT OFF A MERCENARY. IT'S A NECKLACE. SCARES THE BEJEEZUS OUT OF THE ENEMY AND DRIVES THE LADIES WILD!
UGH! HOW IS THAT GONNA GET US OUT OF HERE?
CALM DOWN. I ALSO GOT SWEET PICTURES OF SOME NATIVE GIRLS THERE. THAT'LL PASS THE TIME!
WE'RE DOOMED.
NATIVE TEEN
YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT... I HAVE NO CHANCE OF WINNING. THE BIG STRONG GUYS WILL ALWAYS KICK MY ASS.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, UNTIL I WAS VOTED OFF.
YOU?
YES. REMEMBER, THIS IS SURVIVOR. ANYONE CAN WIN THIS THING. JUST ASK SANDRA!
HEY, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE I CAN WIN THIS THING. MAYBE COME THIS TIME NEXT EPISODE, I'LL BE SITTING ON TOP, THE ULTIMATE SURVIVOR JR.!
THAT'S RIGHT, ANYONE CAN WIN...EXCEPT YOU, FREAK!
HAHAHA HAHA!
...NEXT MONTH, THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF MONROE AND SURVIVOR JR.!

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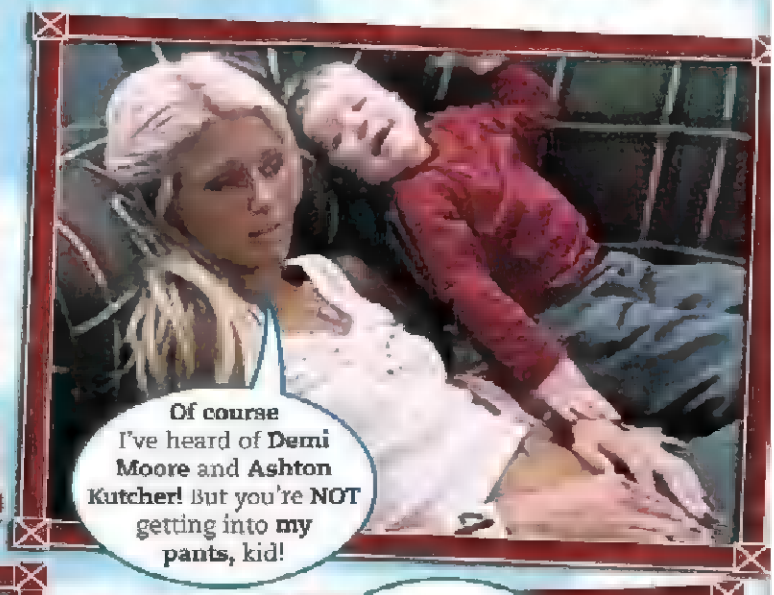
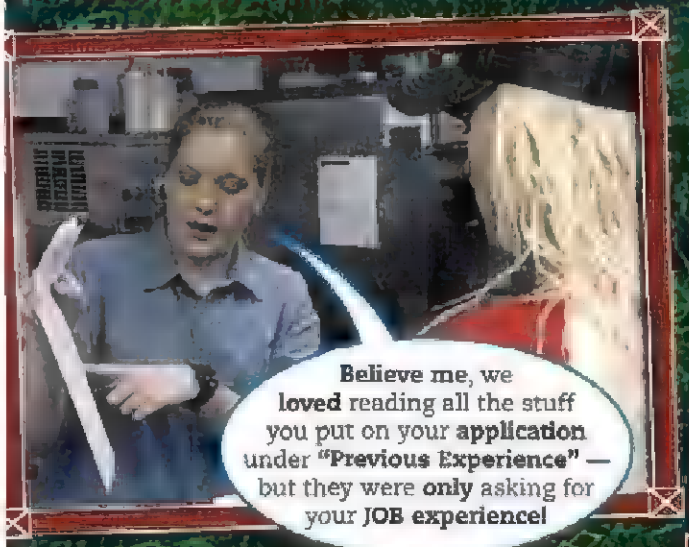
IS PARIS CHURNING? DEPT.

MAD's DOWN-ON-THE-FARM




Believe me, we **loved** reading all the stuff you put on your **application** under **"Previous Experience"** — but they were **only** asking for your **JOB experience!**

WRITER AND VIDEO CAPTURES: MIKE SNIDER

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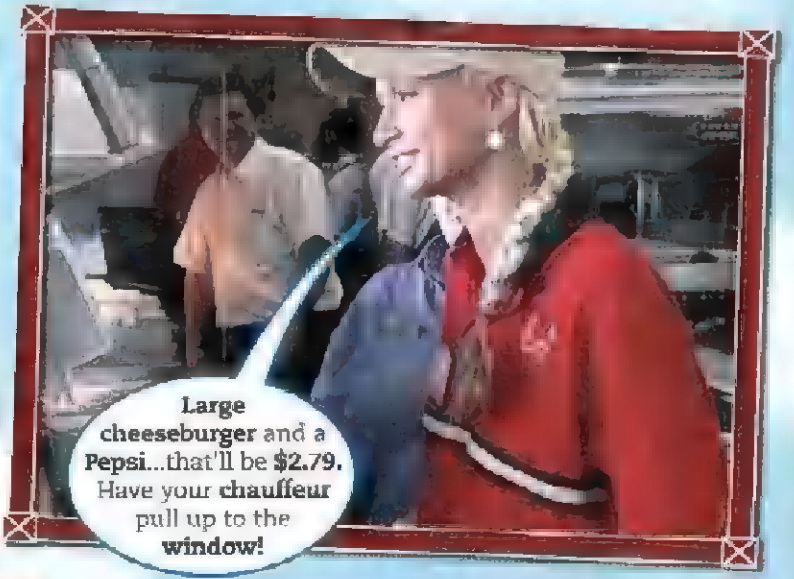
the simplelife OUTTAKES!



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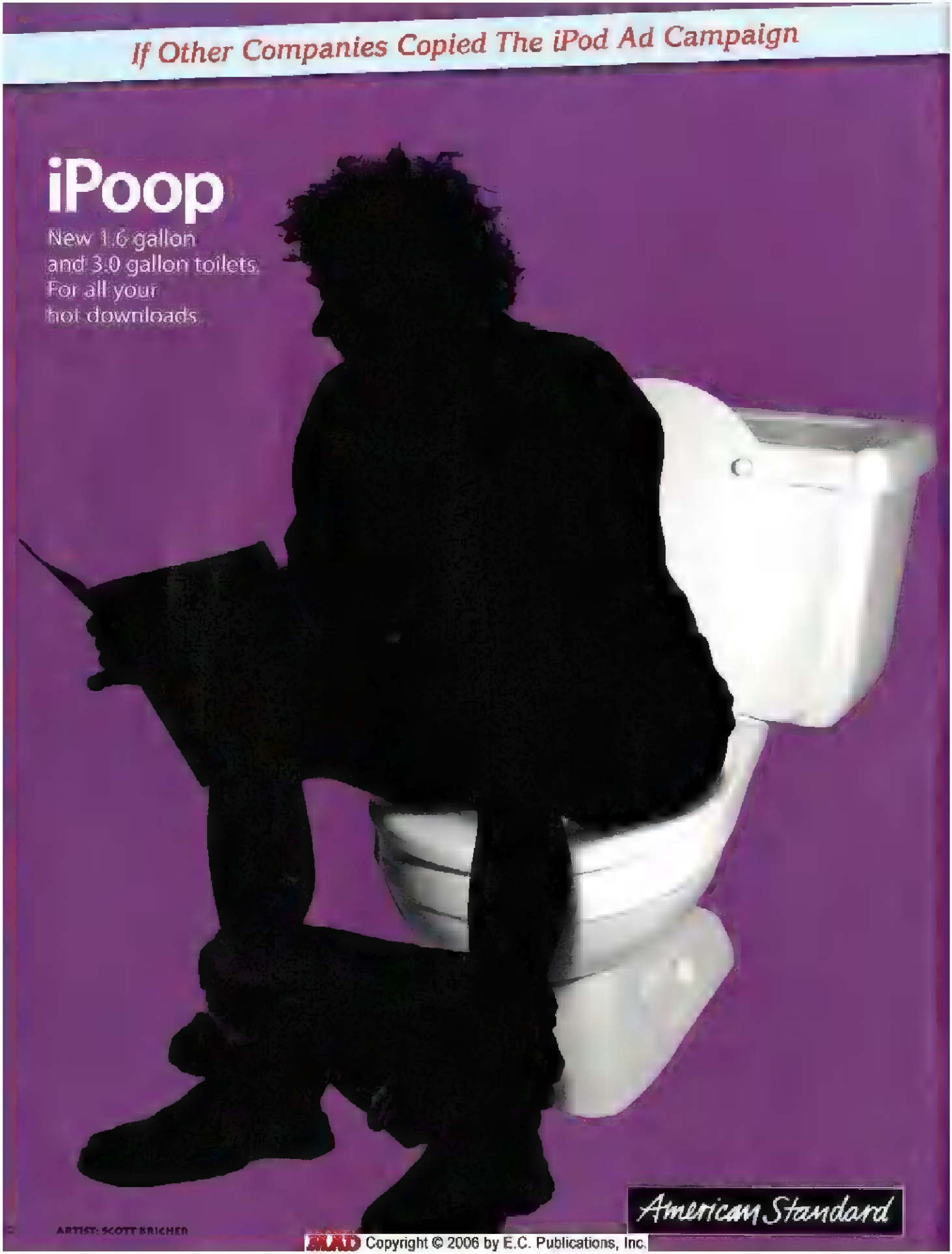
If Other Companies Copied The iPod Ad Campaign



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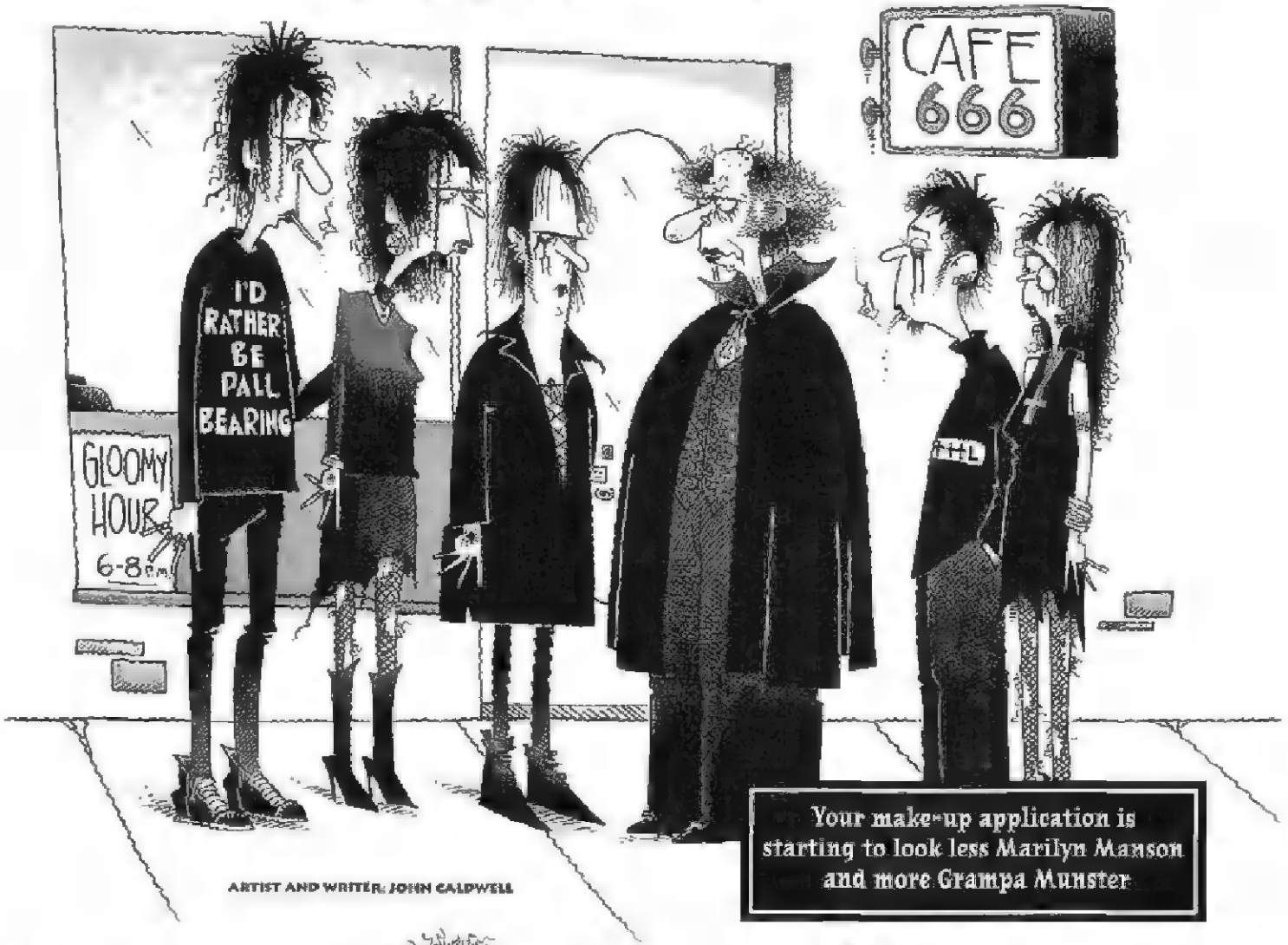
THE DARK AGED DEPT.

Most corporations have a mandatory retirement age. You hit 65 years old and BAM! you're out the door. Unfortunately, there's no mandatory retirement age when it comes to lifestyle choices. As a result, there's more than a few 65-year-olds who fail to realize how ridiculous they look acting and dressing as they did when they were in their twenties. And nowhere is this problem more pathetic than in the dark, death-obsessed world of Goth. Is it time for you to throw away the black lipstick and hang up the silver crosses? Here's a handy reference tool to help you find out...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

ROCK SOLID INDICATIONS YOU ARE TOO OLD FOR THE GOTH LIFESTYLE


CAFE 666
I'D RATHER BE BALL BEARING
GLOOMY HOUR 6-8 p.m.
Your make-up application is starting to look less Marilyn Manson and more Grampa Munster

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

THINGS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR A GOTH SAY

HEY, GET USED TO IT, JOCKO — PLAID IS THE NEW BLACK!
TELL YOU WHAT, INSTEAD OF THE NEW ANNE RICE NOVEL, LET ME HAVE THE KELLY RIPA BIO!

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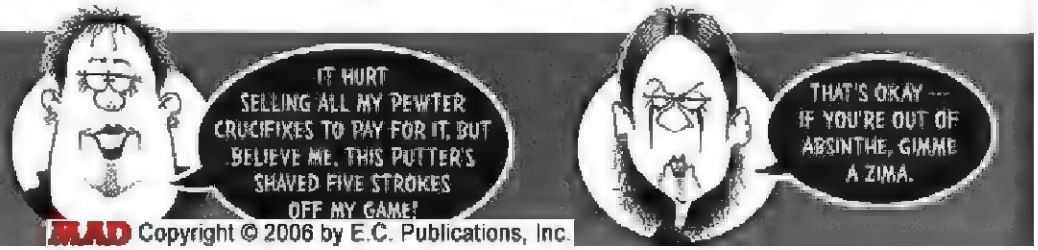
JOHN CALDWELL'S

ROCK SOLID INDICATIONS YOU ARE TOO OLD FOR THE GOTH LIFESTYLE

Schmidt
VICTOR'S SECRET
VAMPIRE JOBS I HAVE INTERVIEWED FOR
You're the only guy mall-walking in black, ripped fishnet stockings
You've "graduated" to the large-print editions of Anne Rice novels
Your daily fashion dilemma boils down to this: nose hairs — trim 'em or dye 'em purple?
The menacing human skull on your dresser also serves a practical purpose

THINGS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR A GOTH SAY


IT HURT SELLING ALL MY PEWTER CRUCIFIXES TO PAY FOR IT, BUT BELIEVE ME, THIS PUTTER'S SHAVED FIVE STROKES OFF MY GAME!
THAT'S OKAY — IF YOU'RE OUT OF ABSINTHE, GIMME A ZIMA.

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KLUB DUSK
IT'S ALWAYS 4am SOMEWHERE
HAVE A
NICE AFTERNOON
You've restricted your clubbing to places that feature "Early Bat" specials
The sullen, brooding pout so common to Goths is impossible to maintain after all the Botox injections
You've had to resort to having your pharmacist special order black Depends
Your new pentagram tattoo was a direct result of the guy simply connecting liver spots
TELL ME YOU TAPED JOAN OF ARCADIA LAST NIGHT!
CAN I SEE THIS IN FUSCIA?
I WAS PROWLING AROUND THE CEMETERY 'TIL 3 A.M., BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! TRUST ME. YOU NEED SOME SERIOUS NIGHTCRAWLERS TO HOOK A BASS THIS BIG.

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A STAR IS SCORNED DEPT.

Hollywood has a caste system it uses to rank its talent. There are **A-LIST** stars, **B-LIST** celebrities, **C-LIST** performers and **D-LIST** has-beens. Here's how it breaks down...

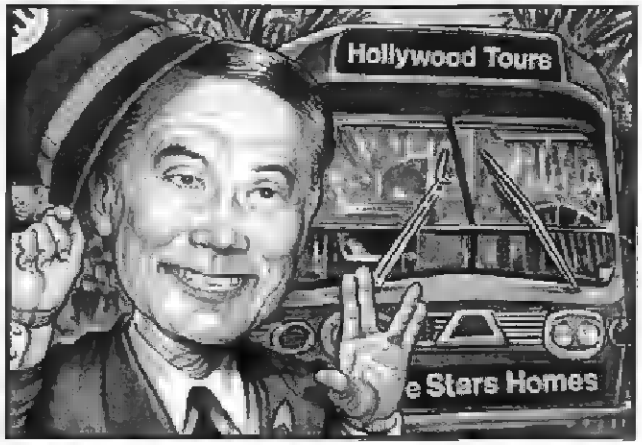
Tom Cruise and Julia Roberts

William H. Macy and Helena Bonham Carter

Randy Quaid

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF

Do you know that your house isn't on the tour of the stars' homes... because you're the one giving the tour?



Did your stalker tell you that you need to "spend some time apart"?

Are you unable to afford the products you used to endorse?

Are the only items of yours in Planet Hollywood your apron and timecard?

Have you ever been bumped from *The Late Late Show With Craig Kilborn*?

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d Daryl Hannah

That guy from *Full House* who wasn't Bob Saget or John Stamos and the woman from *Saturday Night Live* who played the security guard

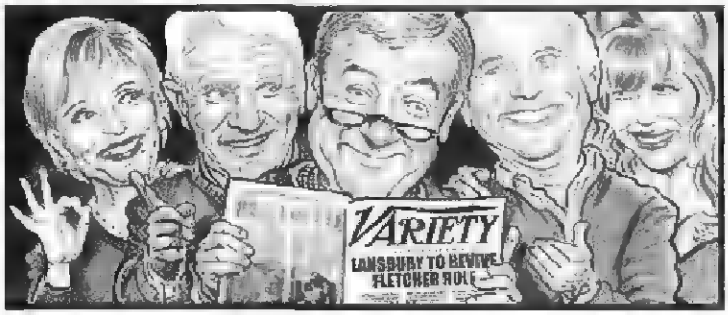
If you're on the **A-LIST**, you've got it all; if you're on the **B-LIST**, you've got staying power; and if you're on the **C-LIST**, you've got enough money to pay the mortgage this month. All of those are fine places to be, but if you're on the **D-LIST**, you're no better off than somebody who's *never* been famous. Besides getting calls from the producers of *Celebrity Boxing*, *Celebrity Fear Factor* or *I'm a Celebrity, Get Me Out of Here!*, how do you know if you've sunk down to the level of the man on the street? Try using our handy tool...

HOLLYWOOD's D-LIST?

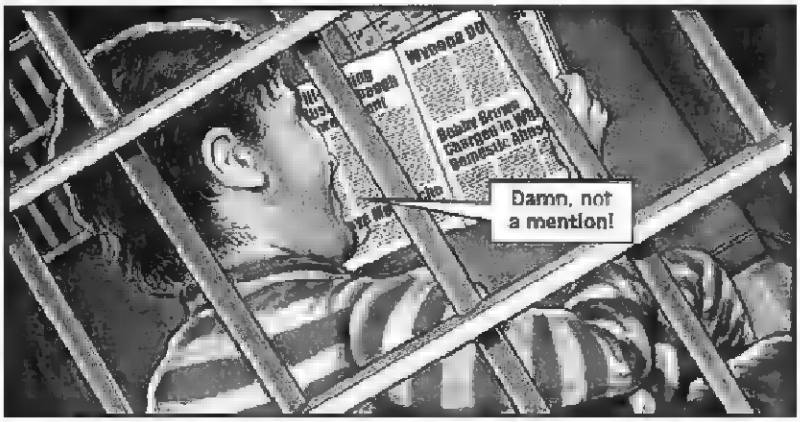
Did you walk off the set of the "celebrity" edition of *Jeopardy!* when you found out that they make the players give their money to a charity?

Every time you pass Corbin Bernsen on the street, do you overhear him making a catty comment?

Have agents told you the only way you'll ever work again is if they make new episodes of *Murder, She Wrote* or *The Love Boat*?



Did your recent arrest for drug possession, public masturbation and spousal abuse go uncovered in the tabloids?



Are you Steve Guttenberg?

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN

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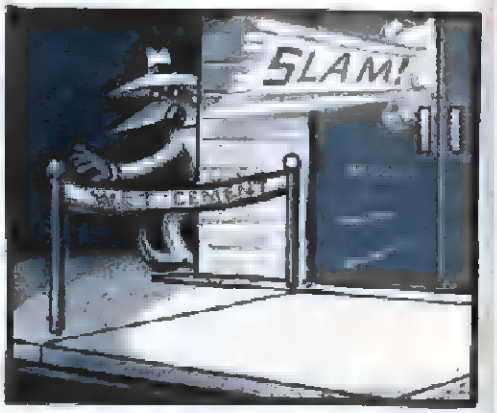

ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

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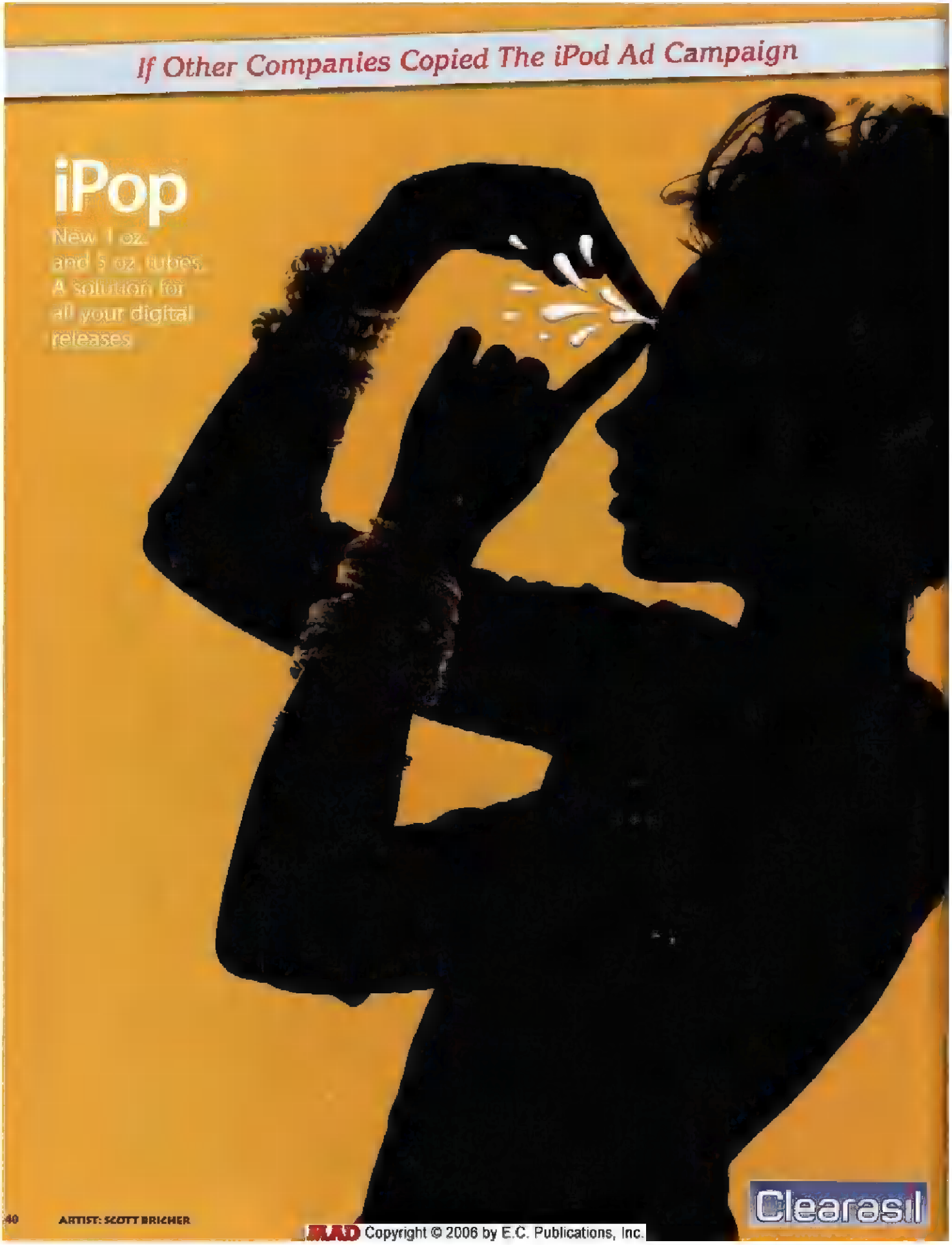

ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

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WE'D LIKE TO SPANK THE ACADEMY DEPT.

The Academy Awards is truly the granddaddy of all award shows. And like your granddaddy, it babbles on without making sense, moves forward in a slow, painful fashion and isn't getting better as the years go by. (Enough about your freakin' granddaddy! Let's keep the sick old coot out of this!) Still, you'll watch it, because you're caught up in the glamour (fake!), hoopla (stupid!) and drama (Who gives a rat's ass?). It's with Academy Award viewers like you in mind that we present...

MAD's OSCAR PREVIEW

The Insider's Guide to the Longest, Most Boring Television Show of the Year!

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

WRITERS: DICK DEBARTOLO, GREG LEITMAN, BARRY LIEBMANN, DAVID SHAYNE, MIKE SNIDER

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MAD's ★ OSCAR PREVIEW

UMA THURMAN

Why She Should Win: If presenter Adrien Brody tries another surprise lip-lock, she can use all that martial arts training to defend herself.

Why She Shouldn't Win: How hard can it be to work yourself into a vengeful, murderous rage when you've had to spend 12 hours a day on a film set with Mr. Never-Shuts-Up, Quentin Tarantino?

JOHNNY DEPP

Why He Should Win: Because, unlike Tom Cruise in *The Last Samurai*, he *intentionally* made himself look ridiculous as an action hero.

Why He Shouldn't Win: He looks just a little too comfortable in that eye-liner and swishy pirate get-up for it to be *totally* attributed to acting.

JENNIFER CONNELLY

Why She Should Win: She plays the role of a recovering alcoholic engaged in a battle of wills with Middle Easterners a lot more effectively than George W. Bush does.

Why She Shouldn't Win: The uppity bitch *still* isn't returning our phone calls.

JENNIFER ANISTON

Why She Should Win: A victory for Aniston might truly guarantee that *Friends* doesn't return for yet another season of lame, revolving-door lover plots and botched Lisa Kudrow facelifts.

Why She Shouldn't Win: What — she wants Brad Pitt AND an Oscar? How *dare* she?!

SEAN PENN

Why He Should Win: Upped his facial expressions to three, adding "brooding look" to his repertoire of "smoldering stare" and "angry gaze."

Why He Shouldn't Win: His role in this movie isn't half as big a stretch as his attempt to pass himself off as an anti-war "peacenik" after punching out photographers for the last 20 years.

the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★

Bruce ALMIGHTY

Since the Academy rarely awards the Oscar to films that are creative and entertaining, this one has a real shot.

THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS

George Lucas hand-delivered a thank-you note to the Wachowski Brothers for making two franchise-killing sequels so lame that sci-fi geeks have forgotten all about *Star Wars: Episodes 1* and *2*.

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Best Actor, Best Actress

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN

JIM CARREY

Why He Should Win: To reward him for his restraint — an hour and two minutes in, he manages to go 10 whole seconds without mugging to the camera, a personal record.

Why He Shouldn't Win: The only way Carrey could convince us he has God's power is if every print of *The Majestic* and *Man on the Moon* suddenly disappeared off the face of the Earth.

NICOLE KIDMAN

Why She Should Win: Given how many movies she makes these days, if she doesn't win this time around, she'll have a mere 37 chances to take it next year.

Why She Shouldn't Win: She knows the rules by now: no funny nose, no Oscar.

RUSSELL CROWE

Why He Should Win: For being able to play an intelligent, conscientious, compassionate leader without having any real role model to pattern himself after.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Looks like the only thing puffy-faced Crowe was "Master and Commander" of was the film's catering truck.

TOM CRUISE

Why He Should Win: It would be hysterical to see him holding up a statue that's 6 inches taller than him.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Studied for months to learn swordplay and the nuances of the samurai lifestyle — when that time really would have been better spent learning to act.

HALLE BERRY

Why She Should Win: She's an African-American in tight-fitting clothing who can control the weather — but makes it far less disturbing than Al Roker does.

Why She Shouldn't Win: She did a much better job in *Gothika*, where she had to pretend Robert Downey Jr.'s access to a hospital's medicine cabinet wasn't the most terrifying aspect of the movie.

the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★

KILL BILL

Academy members are grateful to Tarantino for cutting this movie in half, thus relieving audiences of having to walk out in the middle.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

This movie had it all: epic journeys, bloody battles, hideous freaks focused on their one desperate mission — and that was just us up for the running.

BAD BOYS II

It might be in trouble, due to some minor technical glitches — such as the sound being on and the lens cap being off.

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MAD'S ★ OSCAR PREVIEW

KEANU REEVES

THE MATRIX RELOADED

Why He Should Win: After listening to Laurence Fishburne's gasbag philosophical mutterings, his Novocained, denser-than-wood facial expression looks appropriate for once.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Although the Academy has given Oscars posthumously, they've never awarded one to an actor who only *looks* like he passed away while the cameras were rolling.

HILARY DUFF

THE LIZZIE McGUIRE MOVIE

Why She Should Win: She'd be an inspiration to little girls everywhere, proving that if you're really pretty, really popular ■ really overdeveloped, you can go far in life.

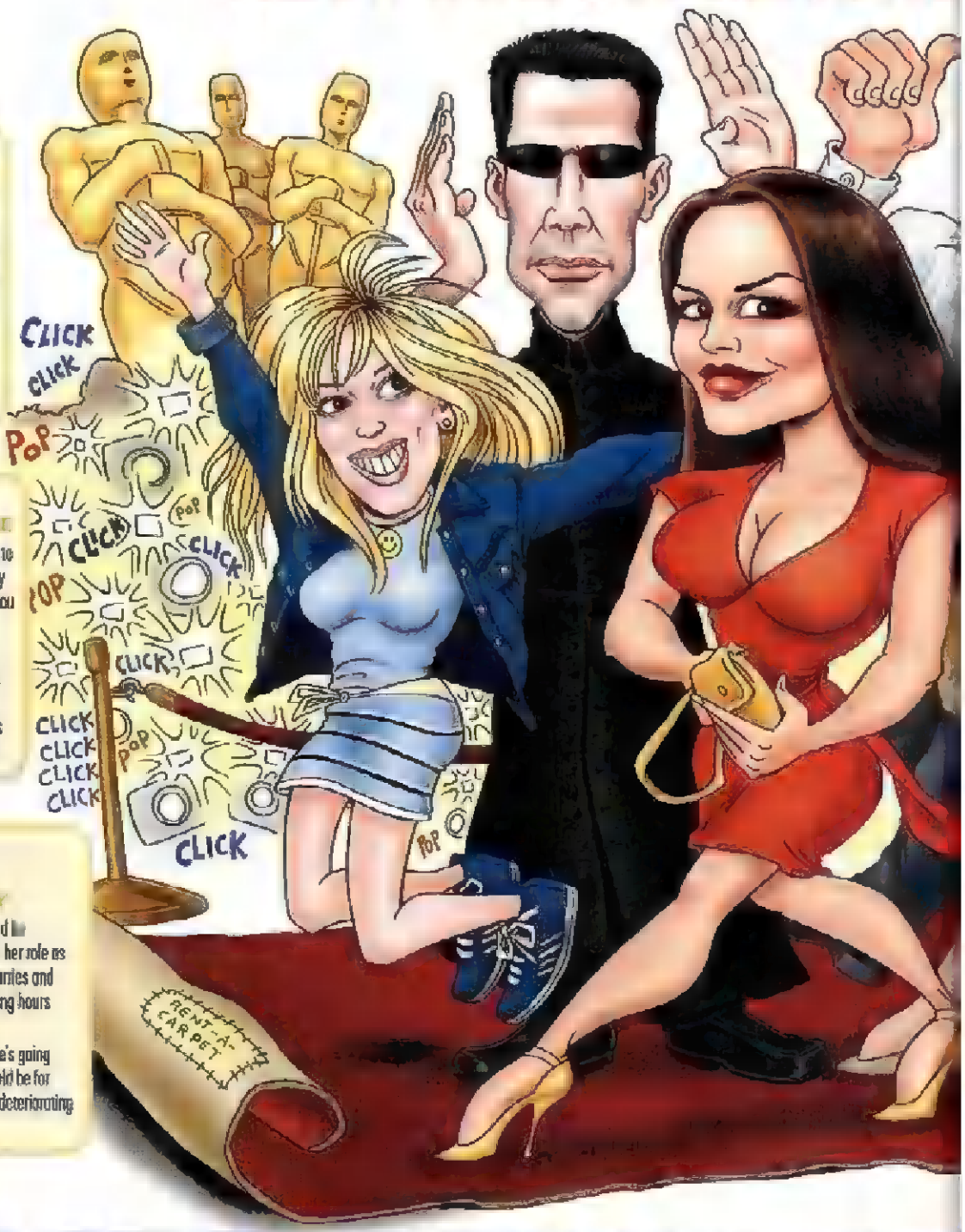
Why She Shouldn't Win: Having digital characters present the Best Animation awards is tedious enough — ■ we really want to suffer through a cartoon Lizzie McGuire revealing Duff's inner thoughts during her acceptance speech?

CATHERINE ZETA-JONES

INTOLERABLE CRUELTY

Why She Should Win: Clearly she should ■ rewarded — having dutifully researched her role as ■ spoiled, wealthy bitch who frequently marries and divorces by spending countless excruciating hours hanging out with J-Lo.

Why She Shouldn't Win: Because if she's going to win for an amazing performance, it should be for pretending ■ be attracted to that rapidly deteriorating prune-man, Michael Douglas.



the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★

HULK

Nick Nolte is contemplating suing the studio, after complaining that The Hulk continues to appear before him on a daily basis.

MYSTIC RIVER

Many Academy members are voting for this film as a token of gratitude to director Clint Eastwood for casting expressive actors in it instead of himself.

THE LAST SAMURAI

Execs named it *The Last Samurai* after seeing the preview — realizing that they'd never, ever greenlight a sequel to this turkey.

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Best Actor, Best Actress

ARTIST: RICK TULKA
COLORIST: JACK SYRACUSE

ADAM SANDLER

Why He Should Win: Usually, the Academy rewards actors for portraying the mentally-challenged; for once, it'd be nice to see them just go ahead and give the Oscar to an actual, certified retard.

Why He Shouldn't Win: With Schwarzenegger becoming governor and the Marlins beating the Yankees, we've already achieved two signs of the Apocalypse, and this would make it a little too close for our taste.

WILL FERRELL

Why He Should Win: If we encourage him to keep doing PG-rated movies, we'll never have to suffer through another *Old School*-style scene featuring his disgusting, hairy butt-crack.

Why He Shouldn't Win: In a year that gave us *Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star*, *Haunted Mansion*, *Anger Management* and *Head of State*, he still managed to give only the seventh best performance by a former *SNL*er.

JULIA ROBERTS
KIRSTEN DUNST
JULIA STILES
MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL

Why They Should Win: If they win, there's bound to be some kind of Britney and Madonna-style tongue-lovin' at the podium.

Why They Shouldn't Win: At least the female stars of *Charlie's Angels 2* had the courtesy to do their bad acting in bikinis.

the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

Has a chance to win because Academy members like films that unite whites and blacks — even though in this case, they were united in their loathing of the pathetic racial stereotypes it portrayed.

PIRATES of the CARIBBEAN
THE CURSE OF THE BLACK PEARL

Unfortunately, this box-office winner clears the way for other theme park-based movies, including *Six Flags' Log Flume* and *Barney Park & Wildwater Kingdom's Jumpin' Jack Splash*.

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MAD'S ★ OSCAR PREVIEW

BEN AFFLECK

GIGLI

Why He Should Win: Because we're sure J-Lo would [redacted] to see him walk down *some* aisle.

Why He Shouldn't Win: His best performance of the year was pretending that *Project Greenlight* movie was going to turn out to be a success.

JESSICA BIEL

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

Why She Should Win: Like the British film and theatre establishment, we should reward actors [redacted] actresses who "keep the classics alive."

Why She Shouldn't Win: She got out-acted by the chainsaw.

DREW BARRYMORE

CHARLIE'S ANGELS 2

Why She Should Win: If a formerly spoiled, drug-addled, partied-out brat can win the presidency, then one can certainly win an Oscar.

Why She Shouldn't Win: Because David Arquette, Bridget Fonda and Billy Baldwin would kick her out of their "Least Talented Member of a Famous Show Biz Family" club.

MIKE MYERS

THE CAT IN THE HAT

Why He Should Win: For managing to achieve the impossible — making Garfield only the *second* most obnoxious, least-funny cat in the universe.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Let's see...ghost white makeup... weird, misshapen face with upturned nose...wouldn't want him taking care of your kids...was [redacted] supposed to be playing the Cat in the Hat or Michael Jackson?

the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★

21 GRAMS

This saga of three linked destinies has an innovative narrative and a searing meditation on morality, which means most Academy members will pay lip service to its virtue by voting for it, even though they sure as hell won't see it.

FINDING NEMO

Films with animated characters acting jerky rarely pick up Oscars, which doesn't bode well for *Finding Nemo* — or *School of Rock* for that matter.

Gigli

Even though a failure, it lost less than the starring couple did by forfeiting their deposit to the caterer when calling off their wedding.

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Best Actor, Best Actress

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
TERMINATOR 3

Why He Should Win: Maybe if he finally gets some Academy recognition for his film career, he'll get the hell out of politics, where he could really do some damage.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Because, when he doesn't win, it'll be fun to see the Republicans scramble to organize a hasty recall of whoever did.

THE HORSE
SEABISCUIT

Why He Should Win: Recent winners Michael Moore, Russell Crowe and Roberto Benigni prove that the Academy already loves to give awards to horse's *asses*.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Voters won't risk ruining the dignity of the event with a chomp who might poop on stage —although it's never stopped them from rewarding Nicholson.

GREG KINNEAR
STUCK ON YOU

Why He Should Win: For having the sheer guts to spend an entire movie attached to comedy black hole Matt Damon.

Why He Shouldn't Win: True, playing a Siamese twin meant giving only half a *performance* —but he still somehow managed to come up short.

JENNIFER LOPEZ
GIGLI

Why She Should Win: Her on-screen chemistry with Ben Affleck actually managed to be more convincing than their off-screen chemistry.

Why She Shouldn't Win: It might change her from the sweet, unassuming "Jenny from the block" that we all know and love.

JACK BLACK
SCHOOL OF ROCK

Why He Should Win: All praise is due to any freakish-looking, misfit musician who hangs around kids all the time and doesn't molest them.

Why He Shouldn't Win: He played essentially the same fat loser in *High Fidelity*, *Shallow Hal*, *Orange County* and *Saving Silverman* and didn't win for those—why should this year be any different?

ARTIST: SAM SISCO

the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★ the buzz ★★★

THE CAT IN THE HAT

Between the main character's incoherent babbling and the oversized house filled with wacky furniture, ugly art and cheap-looking bric-a-brac, many Academy voters weren't sure if this was a film or the Mariah Carey episode of *Cribs*.

mona lisa smile

The first Oscar contender to feature $8.7 million worth of orthodontia, caps and teeth whiteners on the same screen.

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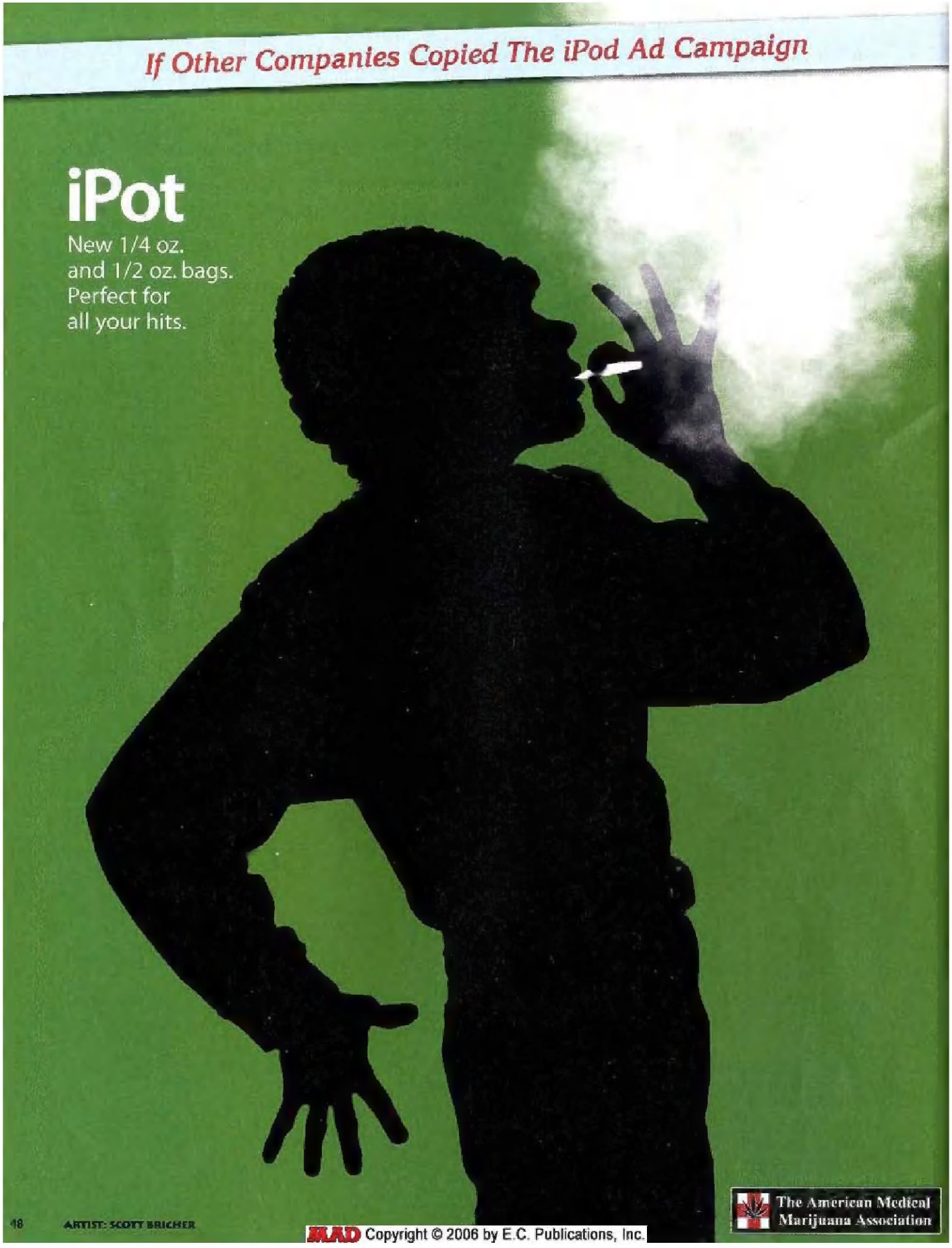
If Other Companies Copied The iPod Ad Campaign



ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

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WHAT IS BIGGER THAN EVER AMONG AMERICAN STUDENTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICLOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

These days, new products and trends seem to be bigger than ever in schools. Students want to be in the know and part of the in-crowd. There is one trend, however, that has become huge among American students. To find out what this big thing is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

THE STUPIDEST KID IN SCHOOL KNOWS HOW TO I-DENTIFY WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S NOT. WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT BIG THINGS DON'T BODE WELL IF YOU'RE OVERLOADED ALREADY

A B

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

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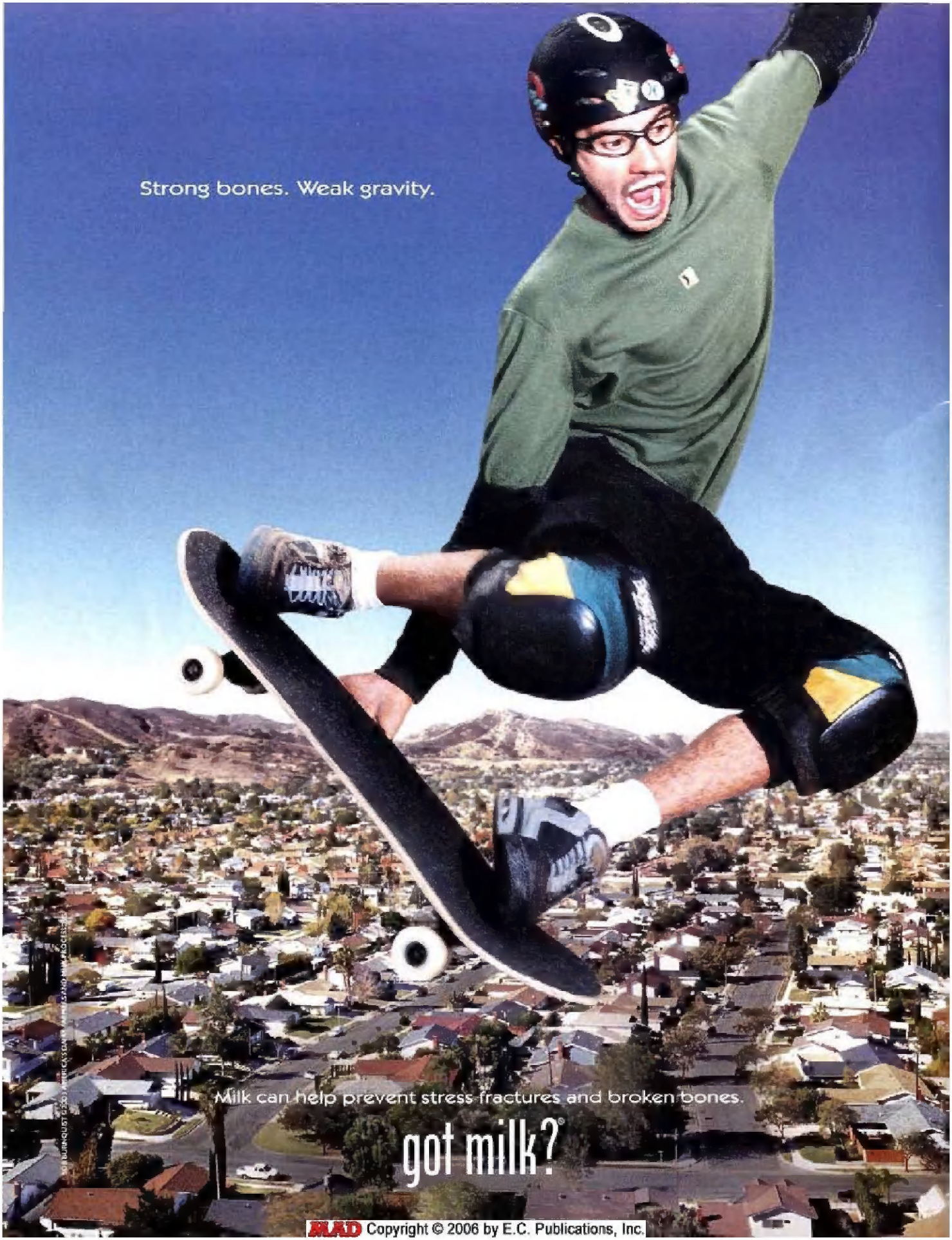

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